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WHITE LILAC.

BY CECIL LORRAINE.

Faint on the air comes the nightingale's singing,
Soft from the trees sounds the coo of the dove;
Even-tide rest to the weary is bringing,
And I wait yearningly here for my love.
Bend down the clusters of lilac before me,
Leaving their scent on the soft zephyr's wings,
Smile the blue star-studded heavens just o'er me;
Twilight is full of such beautiful things.

Clusters of lilac in heavy white glory,
Bend, leaving kisses upon my love's hands.
Whilst I repeat the dear, tender old story,
Told, ah! how often in near and far lands.
Sweet comes the scent of the gracious white flow'rs,
Warm fall my kisses upon my love's face;
My sweet heart! too swiftly go Love's golden hours,
Can we not pray Time to halt in his race?

A SHADOWED LIFE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY SAILOR-BOY," "SHADOW AND SHINE," "A FAINE FRIEND," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

IT WAS the day before the Rector's return, and Dolly had begun almost to loathe the fields and gardens of the Rectory.

She was watching with feverish intentness for the postman—not at the gate—it was associated with bitter memories—but at the open window of the breakfast-room, from which she had stepped in her eagerness on to the velvety lawn fronting the house.

When she saw the postman appear however, a kind of nervous terror seized her, and, turning towards the shrubberies, she left Floyd to receive the letters and lay them on the breakfast-table as usual. She heard his voice now in answer to the postman's greeting.

"Yes; you're ten minutes late this morning, Spicer, and that's a great deal for you, and we're expecting a letter from the Rector, so it's aggravating for us."

"The Alyngton postman stopped me," said Spicer, in justification of his delay, "and we wor a-talking of my lord. They say he's away in London again, seeing after some new-fangled machinery for the home farm; but I'm main sure myself he can't a-bear the place, and is glad of any excuse to get away from it."

"Maybe," said Floyd; "and he may go or stay, for anything I care. We don't want none of his new-fangled machinery here!" And, turning away in deep disgust, with a gruff "good morning," Floyd went indoors with the letters, and Dolly hastened to be in the breakfast room before him.

Her mind was filled with one thought—Lord Alyngton had gone to London. Tears rushed into her eyes, and obscured the few curt words of her father's letter announcing the hour of return on the following day.

"I will go and look at the moat again," said the girl, with a catch in her breath and an odd pain at her heart. "I will sit by the shining water and go round by those gates that are always shut, where the deer stand and look out with their large brown eyes." Then a rush of color came into her face, for she remembered some other brown eyes into which she might never gaze again, and, rising hurriedly, she sought her old nurse to ask for the little basket of bread she meant to carry to the deer.

Soon after her early dinner, Dolly was once more mounting the hill on her way to the lovely shadowy woods of Alyngton, which, during her week of self-imposed absence, seemed to her paradisiacal in their brightness. Now however this glory was gone. The sun shone as brilliantly, the sky was as blue, but Dolly's heart was stonelike, and her eyes were heavy with unshed tears.

There were very few deer at Alyngton, and they were left so utterly unmolested by all except friendly visitors that they did not know what fear was, and Dolly wended her way to the more desolate portion of the Park, feeling certain that she would find some of them near the disused gates. However she was doomed to be disappointed, and, leaning against the massive iron-work, she gave way to a day-dream of what might have been if no shadow of pain or grief had darkened her life.

"I might have come here every day," she mused, "and we should have been friends."

Just then a soft touch made Dolly start; her cheeks turned crimson and her eyes sparkled. Turning, she saw a lovely fawn, which had approached unseen and was rubbing its nose against her shoulder with imperious familiarity. The gentle caressing touch was just too much for Dolly. She fed the pretty little creature with the bread which Margery had given to her, the tears she had so long restrained rolling down her cheeks; and then, leaning near her dumb companion, she gave way to the bitterness of her sorrow, and felt comforted in spite of herself.

"Has Lady Nell's fawn found you out?" said a voice, in great surprise and slightly unsteady; and Dolly this time, not red but pale to her lips, turned and faced Lord Alyngton himself. "Do you know," he continued, as if they had parted only yesterday, "that whoever Lady Nell's fawn goes to of its own accord must enter the closed gates of Alyngton?"—and, as he spoke, the rusty lock yielded under his strong hand, and he stood beside Dolly, looking gravely into her white troubled face. "Have the deer frightened you?" he asked, holding out his hand to lead her within the gates; but Dolly drew back and looked at him with eyes so full of anguish that he involuntarily hesitated, but only for a moment. "You promised to wait and trust," he said, in sudden reproach.

"I broke no promise," returned Dolly, with quivering lips. "I was in the church, and I heard terrible words against father. I listened, and it seemed as if they would kill me, for I fainted and lay there alone in my agony and pain. Was that breaking my promise?"

"If you heard all, I may tell you something," said Lord Alyngton gently. "I asked you to wait, but I did not wait myself. I had heard too much and too little; but now I may boldly say I will leave no stone unturned to discover the author of my poor father's death. It was no one you know—of that you may rest assured," the young fellow went on hurriedly; "and now you trust yourself to me and enter the closed gates of Alyngton?"

"And my father?" said Dolly in a low tone, her soul in her eyes as she looked wistfully into the brave and resolute face.

"Is innocent," responded Lord Alyngton lifting his hat and baring his fair curls to the rays of the setting sun. "From my soul, I believe it!" he added fervently.

Dolly's face was bright with the rapture awakened in her heart by these words of faith and hope. She placed her small hand in her companion's firm strong clasp, and, almost before she knew where she was, they had passed together through the closed gates of Alyngton, the fawn following fearlessly at her side.

But the sun sinking suddenly below the horizon, Dolly was recalled from her dream of bliss to the realities of life. Again she drew back from her companion's side and turned reluctantly away.

"You have drec'd your weird," said Lord Alyngton, smiling, "and staying or going will not alter that."

Dolly looked wonderingly into his bright face, and, answering her unspoken thought, he said—

"Do you know the legend of Lady Nell's fawn? It dates back nearly a hundred years."

Dolly shook her pretty head, but a sudden feeling of shyness kept her mute.

Looking down at her, with a smile on his lips and in his eyes, Lord Alyngton said, with a curious kind of earnestness—

"I will tell you some day—it may be very soon, but not now; it would take too long and you are in haste to depart, and I must not be your escort yet."

So, with a lightened heart, Dolly went down the hill she had toiled up with weary and faltering feet, and near the moat stood Lord Alyngton, watching the little figure disappear in the distance and registering a vow in his noble and steadfast heart.

* * * * * *

It was drawing towards the evening of the day when Bess had spoken to the mission woman at the corner of Lake Street. A young girl and the ruffianly "Big Bill" sat drinking and talking eagerly in a low public-house at a considerable distance from their usual haunts.

"I seed her," said the former, with a hard laugh, "a-speaking to a woman, but I warn't nigh enuff to hear what she said. So I follers t'other one all down Commercial Road, and presently I turns sharp up another street and meets her with my basket, quite promiscuous."

"Look out," said the man savagely; "yer spins too long a yarn by half."

"I can't make it no shorter," replied the girl, with a toss of her head. "Well, I purtends to be a-cryin', and she speaks to me, she does, and I tells her I wants to lead a decent life, only I don't know how, so she ups and sez—

"'Cum to the hall; others as bad as yer will be there, and if you're willin' to work I thinks I can promise to put you in a way to make yer livin'.'

"So I stands like this here"—getting up and hanging her ruffled head—"and makes a curt'sy, a-laffin' in my sleeve to think what a fool she was; but I'll be there, no fear, just to spite Bess."

"I'll do for her," growled the ruffian savagely, "if I swing for it."

"Wait a bit," said the girl, with a horrible sort of coquetry. "You cum along o' me, and if Bess is a-hangin' round the hall yer can stop her little game, can't yer?"

"By the powers I will!" the man answered; and, getting up, he drained his glass.

The girl, tying the strings of her gaudy bonnet and arranging her shawl with a pitiful attempt at adornment, said coaxingly—

"And then ye'll take me to Ameriky, Bill, won't yer; where they picks up gold by the han'ful? You've got the passage money all right, haven't you?"

"I knows where I can git it if I haven't," growled the man, too crafty to let his companion into all his secrets save in his moments of drunken folly; and he slouched out of the public-house, followed by his shameless accomplice.

It was a night-refuge of the lowest class towards which Bess was creeping stealthily and swiftly late on the same night. She had almost gained the door, which was ready to yield to the lightest touch, but, even then, the undying instinct of suspicion made her waver, halt, and look round with haggard and frightened eyes.

"Hallo, my lass!" said a man, stepping out of the darkness so suddenly that the unfortunate creature he addressed seemed literally paralyzed for the moment; then, with a shrill scream of terror, she turned to fly, not to the harbor of refuge and safety, but to the murky darkness of the streets, the man giving chase and rapidly gaining upon her.

The maddened fugitive dashed onward until London Bridge was reached, and, with one wild spring, gained the parapet. There was no need of murderous hand to expedite her doom, fear and anguish having driven her to her death, and her savage pursuer halted in the far-off shadows to watch the end. A bitter cry rang out on the silent night, echoing in the distance and bringing a tardy policeman from another part of his beat; but long ere he reached the spot a woman had leaped wildly from the bridge, her form cleaving the murky water with a dull splash, and silence reigned once more.

As "Big Bill" drew near the wretched court where his victim had shared with him the miserable room, he found the girl who had tracked the poor creature to her doom waiting for him.

Laying a hand upon his arm with an attempt at endearment, she whispered—

"Ye'll take me with you now, Bill, won't year, and let 'em see you've giv up Bess for me?"

The ruffian, bad as he was, shrank and halted, shaking the girl off roughly. Conscience he had none, but remorse lingered where conscience was dead, and the dull splash in that dark water and that bitter cry haunted him still.

"Are yer mad?" he growled. "D'ye think I'm mad? It's like enuff the coves'll think I've had a hand in this job when I turns up by mesself, but if I tuk yer with me they'd know it for certain. I never touched her," he added, shivering; "she went and drowned her own self."

"Why, I'm blest if you're not sorry!" was the contemptuous reply. "I won't stand no snivelling arter her nohow!"

"I ain't a-snivelling," said the ruffian sullenly, "but I don't want to swing for what I never did, and don't mean to either."

"We'd best make short tracks, Bill," urged the girl; "they won't never look for us in Ameriky, I reckon. You've got the tin all right?"

"I've got my tin," the man said uneasily. "I'm thinkin' it won't be safe to wait and get yourn. I'll send it safe enuff, and it won't be long to wait."

"Oh, you're a-goin' fust then?" said the girl, with a curious quietness in her voice. "Well, Bill, p'raps it's best, but I'd like to have a drink with yer afore ye start, just for luck's sake."

"Yer shall have that, Sal," the man promised, evidently much relieved. "We will go down to the docks and see the ship and drink her health to-morrer arternoon, me gal; she drops down the river at night. Yer not a-comin' into the court arter I've a gone in, are yer?"

"Why not?" said the girl defiantly.

The ruffian halted abruptly and looked round.

"Sleep in the arches to-night, Sal, if you are wise," he said; "but don't yer try on comin' inter this here court!"—and he slouched off and left her.

"Thank ye for nothin', Bill," she muttered after him.

Something, however, either fear or a feeling even stronger, made Sal refrain from entering the court, and she paced the streets till daybreak, when she halted at an early coffee-house near Farringdon Market, the owner of which, a woman some eight-and-thirty years of age, was said to know more of "Big Bill's" early life than any one else.

Sitting on a bench by the wall, Sal drank her coffee and ate a thick slice of bread which she had purchased.

The quick eye of the proprietress singled her out as the customers dwindled away, and noticed how unwillingly she rose from her seat.

"D'ye know," she said, with some show of interest, "what's 'come of Bess, my gal?"

"Yer must ask Bill," answered the girl, with a harsh laugh. "Most like yer know his goin's on better nor me."

"I don't know me none o' his goin's on," said the woman, fussing about amongst her cups with a clatter. "They's none too good, I reckon."

"Ye comed from his part o' the country, missus, didn't ye?" asked Sal curiously.

"And what part o' the country may that be?" said the woman artfully.

"I dunno," answered the girl, "and I didn't mean no offence."

"Well, it warn't twenty mile from Fairminster," said the woman, "and, if ever ye wants to know any more, I advises you to go down there and ask! Rest a bit and welcome," she added good-naturedly; "ye're not a-hindering me."

Meanwhile the night had passed fearfully with Bill. Late as it was when he entered the court, some of the residents were not yet asleep; one or two of them were sitting smoking idly and half dozing on the steps of the open doors.

"Bess ain't come in," said a drowsy voice as the ruffian stumbled over a prostrate form.

"Ain't she?" Bill growled. "Then I reckon there's no light or aught to eat."

Feeling his way in the dirty passage, he entered the room which Bess had left that morning never to return; and, as with trembling fingers he lighted a match and sought for the candle, thoughts of Bess came into his mind and he could not drive them out. Was she there to receive him? Was she behind him now? He wheeled round quickly to the flickering shadows on the grimy wall.

"Am I a-goin' to be like this all night?" he muttered, as he peered into the corners of the room and under the broken bedstead. "It's wuss nor seein' her a-sittin' there snivveling. Surely that was a footstep and a hand on the door! She ain't drownded, and she's a-comin' back—a-drippin' with water!"

In his terror, Bill made fast the door, and threw himself upon the bed. Though the light had died out, he still saw Bess there dripping wet and looking at him. He covered his head to shut out the horrible sight, but he fancied her face was on the pillow at his side, and that he could feel the icy coldness of her drenched garments.

The daylight was shining into the room, when, hours later, a man with blood-shot eyes and ashy-white face crept from the house and court pursued by that dread image, which would never again leave his side. He did not stop until he had put miles between himself and the room which had sheltered his victim, and then, calling for drink at the first public-house which opened, he steadied his shaking nerves and gained a dismal kind of courage, to sustain which he had to resort to drink again and again during the day.

Sal, who had slept off her fatigue in some spot best known to herself, and had met "Big Bill," as agreed, at a tumble-down public-house near the Thames, was plying her companion with drink, which the heat and excitement of the day made an easy task, without any danger of arousing his suspicions. He was already very much affected by it, but it had only loosened his tongue and robbed him of his usual caution.

They had been talking of America, and Bill had been lavish in his promises of what he meant to do, when the girl said—

"Well, you'll be all right now and safe too; but I hopes they won't come after us! I'm blest, Bill, if I knows why yer wanted to 'do for' Bess; she'd never ha' gone over the water, once ye'd got away!"

"She'd a-done for me, 'that's why!" growled the ruffian, his mind reverting to some hidden grievance connected with the unfortunate creature who was gone, and his senses too deadened to guard the secret. "She knowed too much, me gal, and there was them in London who'd ha' paid her if she'd split! I seed 'em a-walking down the street, and I see 'tisn't safe to stay here no longer, and I up and tuk me passage a week ago! But it warn't my whip that did it," he muttered, "it was his'n—parson's—him as I hated for having laid it across me back! I spoiled his life, anyhow!" Then down dropped the heavy head, and Big Bill slept the sleep of the unjust.

Beside him the girl remained, regarding him with a curious look on her hard young face, putting together in her crafty mind the words he had dropped, and recalling the hints which had fallen from the coffee-house keeper.

"Fairminster," she muttered—"not twenty mile from Fairminster; when you're once on board that ship and a-sailing down the river, I'll make tracks for that ere place, and find out all that Bess knowed about ye, me beauty! And, if ye leaves me here, insted o' sendin' for me sharp to share yer luck, why, I'll do for yer, as surely as she would ha' done, poor thing!"

Bill's sleep was disturbed by dreams of the guilty secrets of the past, and Sal, straining her ears to catch the words which he unconsciously uttered, missed not a sound.

"The parson—not the lord!" he muttered, the perspiration standing in great drops on his brow. "Off, Bess, I say! I didn't do it!"

Then, awaking suddenly, he glared at Sal, who had assumed on the instant the appearance of stupid slumber. Roughly shaking her by the shoulder, he growled—

"Come on, wench; it's time I was a-stirring."

Starting, as if frightened out of heavy sleep, the girl got up and shook herself, whining.

"Don't snivel, lass," said the ruffian; "I'll send for you all right. Let's pay up here, and get off sharp;" and, outside the dingy public-house, Big Bill added, "Mind I'm not the same cove out there as I am here—I'm Ben Hicks I am; and when I write ye'll answer to that ere name!"

At the docks, where a boat was waiting to take off passengers, the rough caress—the Judas kiss—was given and received, and the two parted.

Sal, sitting down on a fragment of broken timber, watched the vessel start on her way; then, wrapping her shawl round her, she turned away with a shiver to seek a refuge for the night.

CHAPTER V.

LORD ALYNGTON had been in London, as the postman at Combermere declared, and at his club he had met Admiral Henley, whose friendship with his late unhappy father was the strongest possible bond of union between them.

From the Admiral the young nobleman received confirmation of the hints he had wrung from the old housekeeper at the Park, and a keen desire sprang up in his heart to discover the real author of his father's death. His face grew dark and troubled as Admiral Henley hinted at the provocation the Rector had received, and spoke of the folly and weakness, if it was no worse, of his father's conduct.

"There wasn't a bit of harm in Eveleen Worcester," the Admiral said heartily—"not a bit; but I know, if you don't, how her father's daughter had been brought up, and that accounts for much. In that line females don't inherit, and Sir Philip knew Oldacre and all its glories must pass away from Eveleen at his death, and so he just spoilt her to make up for her losses in the future. Bad policy," murmured the old Admiral—"for a woman once spoiled is spoiled for ever. She played with your father just as she had played with all the other men who had admired her marvellous beauty and grace, and in her heart I believe she got to have a kind of sisterly liking for him after a time, but she loved her husband. Unhappily, however, she learnt to fear as well as love him. Under the influence of jealousy, he changed so that one would have known, and when he forbade your father the house a violent quarrel ensued.

"They met once afterwards, whether by accident or design I never could discover, and the young scoundrel who saw the meeting was the man who swore to finding the Rector's whip near your poor father's body, I believe. Why, good heavens, Alyngton, that's the rascal himself, there—crossing the road this instant, and, by Jove, he heard me say so!"

"Big Bill" was indeed diving between the crowd of carriages as Admiral Henley spoke, but he was lost sight before Lord Alyngton was able to catch a glimpse of him.

The incident, however, made a deep impression on the young lord, who was aware that this man was said to have some spite against the Rector, and the conviction that he knew more of his father's murder than any one else flashed into his mind, and he arrived at a decision on the instant. He would forward a description of this Bill Preyer to Scotland Yard, and put a clever detective on his track. Could the admiral help him in this? he wondered. He would put him to the test.

"I am sorry I did not see the man," he said, after a pause. "What sort of a fellow is he?"

"Thick-set, with a bull neck and lightish hair," replied the admiral; but, when pressed further, he could not say whether the fellow's eyes were light or dark, or whether his nose was long or short. The only additional remark he made was that he was a "confoundedly ugly scamp," and any one could see he deserved hanging.

So Lord Alyngton decided to return home and try to pick up in the neighborhood of Combermere, without exciting too much notice, a fuller and more accurate description of Bill Preyer. Thus it was that he happened to meet Dolly on the last occasion.

* * * * * *

Matters were in this state when a woman, scarcely more than a girl in years, might have been seen "on the tramp" on the outskirts of Fairminster. She had worked her way through the hop fields, ripening now in the brilliant autumn sunshine; and with a few shillings she had in her pocket she had stocked a small basket with needles and cottons, and made their sale the pretext for stealthy but unceasing inquiries as to the antecedents of "Big Bill," who had lived "not twenty mile" from the cathedral city in which she found herself.

"He's my mother's cousin," said the artful tramp, who was no other than Sal herself, "and if he's to the fore he'll get me work, and that's all I want."

So from one to another the girl told her seemingly simple tale, till at last she lighted upon a man who was breaking stones on a country road, rather beyond her usual beat, and this man, who came from Combermere, at once became interested.

"Surely, lass, ye mun mean Bill Preyer," he said, leaning on his heavy hammer, and regarding her curiously; "how comed ye to forgit which Bill 'twas ye wanted?"

The girl put a corner of her apron to her eyes, and began to sob.

"I onny camed from Austrayly a month ago," she said; "father and mother died out there, and I spent me last fardin to come back to the old country I did."

"Poor lass," the man said, "I wish I could help thee; but, Bill Preyer, he got into trouble wid our parson, and then he ups and does parson an ill turn, and, finding Combermere pretty hot for him, he slopes to Lunnon, they said, but I donno."

"Then the parson wouldn't help me, if I asked him?" said Sal innocently. "I'm main sorry Bill angered him."

"Why, as to angerin' him 'twere wuss than that, me lass," chuckled the laborer. "He nearly got the parson hanged."

"Ye're a-joking, I s'pose," said Sal, with an assumption of sulkiness; "but I knows that's all in my eye!"

"Ye knows nothin' about it, lass," said the man, eager to display his superior knowledge. "Parson, he flogged Bill for suthin' he'd been and said about his missus and a lord who used to be allus a-hangin' about arter her, and one night we fund the lord dead, and lying in Middleham Lane, and Bill, he ups at the crowner's inquest with our parson's crop, and sos he has fund it in a hedge hard by."

"And what did 'em do to parson, then?" asked the girl.

"Why, they couldn't do nothin' cos the butler and an old gent swore parson had never had the whip in his hand that night, so he gets off scot free; but he's never been the same man since, and people shun him like, and give him the go-by; so he's punished bad enuff, arter all."

"D'ye think he killed the gent, then?" said Sal with a great affectation of fear.

"Nos, I don't," was the uncompromising reply, with great disgust. "Me and many other coves thinks Bill hisself had a hand in that job, and that's why he's never shown his face here since. So, me lass, I dunna think such a cousin as Bill Preyer's any great loss to yer!"

The girl sat down upon a heap of unbroken stones, and put her basket on the ground.

"Tell us the name of the lord who got killed," she said wearily, "and then I'll go. I'm fit to drop with tramping in this heat."

"Alyn'ton were his name," answered the laborer, preparing to resume his work, "and if so be ye'd like to tramp to Combermere ye'll see the Park right afore ye; but ye can't hear no more'n I've telled ye, if ye axes every one ye meets."

But that was not exactly what the woman wanted.

"I'll bide a bit, and see if Bill writes a letter," she muttered. "If he don't write and don't send for me to share his luck, I'll split on him and Jenny!"—the coffee-house keeper.

For Jenny was the "Jane" of old Margery's story, who had been so "thick" with Bill Preyer at the time of Lord Alyngton's murder.

The girl "bided" round about Fairminster, and then got a lift on her way back to London, where it was necessary for her to put in an appearance.

During the month which Sal had determined to wait for a letter from America, things seemed to be at a stand-still with others as well as herself. Lord Alyngton, it is true, was constantly journeying to and from London, but he heard nothing which threw any light on the mystery of his father's death, and the police made no headway in their search for Bill Preyer. They felt certain now that he must have left the country.

Meanwhile, Dolly, in the new hope which had brightened her life, and in the dawn of a joy as inexplicable as it was sweet, no longer fretted over the petty slights of the ignorant or vulgar, but flitted about her home and left everywhere the traces of her loving and gentle care. Towards her father the girl's manner insensibly changed, and an atmosphere of peace and rest seemed to spring up around the stern and reserved old clergyman, the cause of which he dimly suspected, but shrank from analyzing.

CHAPTER VI.

IT WAS the day of the Harvest Festival at Combermere Church, and Lord Alyngton had returned to the Park. He had dined late, and was smoking a cigar on the terrace, which spread from the stately pile behind him to the lawn and gardens of the pleasaunce, when he became aware of an approaching figure, that of a woman, tawdrily dressed, but poor and travel-stained.

"Some one begging, I dare say," he thought; "but I wonder they let her pass the lodge gates. However, as she is here, I'll give her a trifle and let her go."

Lord Alyngton felt in his pockets for some loose silver, and, going down two or three steps towards the supposed beggar, said good-humoredly—

"You've come to the wrong entrance; but never mind that—tell me if you're in trouble, and I will try to help you."

The woman looked up keenly, and asked doubtingly—

"Be ye the lord who owns this here place?"

"I am indeed!" answered the young nobleman, smiling. "Is it to speak to me you have come?"

"It's to tell ye summat ye'd like to hear, p'raps," said the girl, edging nearer; and Lord Alyngton, looking at her more carefully, saw the traces of youth in her bold, eager face.

"If you have anything to say, I am ready to hear it," he assured her. "But I don't think you belong to this neighborhood, by your speech."

"No, I comes from Lunnon," answered the girl, her eyes drooping under Lord Alyngton's steady gaze. "I've tramped to tell ye what all yer gold and siller couldn't make me tell ye if I didn't please. Ye're wiser nor I, maybe, but," she added in a whisper, "are ye wise enuff to know who killed yer own father?"

Lord Alyngton started violently. The question was so utterly unexpected.

"No," he said quietly, "I am not wise enough for that; but I can make it worth any one's while to help me to lay my hand upon the murderer.

The girl's eyes flashed, and she placed a dirty hand on his arm.

"Did ye never hear o' Bill Preyer?" she asked passionately. "Yer needn't draw yerself away—I sha'n't pisin yer"—as Lord Alyngton involuntarily shook off the grimy fingers. "Him as fund parson's whip, I means, and tried to hang parson—folks say hereabouts?"

Every nerve in the young fellow's body thrilled as the girl spoke, but he curbed himself by a mighty effort and said coolly—

"I have heard the name you mention, but have never seen the man."

"Thin you've never see the blackest traitor livin'!" the girl burst out furiously. "I've sed I'll split on him, and I will! Ye won't let him murder me, will yer?" she

added, shivering and drawing her shawl round her.

"Certainly not," replied Lord Alyngton; "we don't let people murder one another so easily as that."

"Yer promise," said the girl eagerly, "and ye'll giv me gold if I tells all I know?"

"You will be quite safe, and shall be well paid," replied the young nobleman. "Make yourself perfectly safe."

"I'll write it all down when I've had a drop o' suthin' to drink," said the wretched creature feverishly; and Lord Alyngton, bidding her follow him, returned to the house and ordered food and wine to be brought for his strange visitor.

While she devoured, rather than ate, the viands set before her, and drained the wine as if it was so much water, Lord Alyngton sent off a telegram to Scotland Yard, thinking it best and wisest to have a detective on the spot without delay. In the meantime whatever the woman, under the excitement which evidently possessed her, wrote or said must be witnessed by one of the servants.

"What's he here for?" grumbled the girl, her hunger and thirst being appeased, and writing materials having been prepared.

"Do you wish to be paid for what you're going to tell me?" said Lord Alyngton. "Because, if so, it will have to be properly witnessed before I give you the gold and provide for your safety."

The girl's eyes gleamed dangerously for a moment, and then she took the pen in her stiff and unaccustomed fingers and tried to write.

"Will it do as well if yer writ what I tells yer?" she asked anxiously.

"Quite as well," replied Lord Alyngton, striving for patience as he drew the writing materials towards him, and the girl, her bonnet pushed off her disordered hair, and her elbows leaning on the table, began her story of sin and shame.

A great part of it was but a resume of what has already been related; but with Sal's return to London for the letter from "Big Bill," which never came, her tale assumed a new and startling interest.

"When I fun' there was no writin' comed fro' Bill to the 'Shipmates' Arms' I ups to Jenny—her as kep' the coffee-house, and were a pal o' his afore I wur born—thinkin' pra'ps he'd been and writ to her fust. But she flies at me like mad when she finds Bill's gone, and asks me why I'd never let her know afore. I flies out too, and tells her I'd been where she telled me to go, and somewhere else beside, and I knows all I wants to know and don't care for her nor nobody! Jenny, she turns white and her eyes glare; I don't harf like the looks on her, but she seems more mad at Bill nor me, and she sez, short like—

"'I'll help to hang him yet,' she sez, 'for he's a false villin, that's what he is! To sneak off like that to Ameriky and leave me behind, I'll never forgive or forgit!'

"And she ups and shows her marriage lines, and tells me Bill had a wife livin' when she married him, and she gets wild like with rage, and sez she'll keep his wicked secrets no longer, but she'll have him hanged, she will! So I speaks up and sez—

"'Then ye know'd he killed the lord down at Alyngton?'

"And she sez—

"'I knows what I knows, and I'll tell them as pays me best. Don't yer put finger in my pie,' she says, 'or it'll be the wuss for yer!'

"So I guess out, a-sayin'—

"'It's a precious dirty pie, that's what it is, and I wishes you joy o' the eatin'!'

"And I spends all I has to git down here quick and be afore Jenny, if she's a-going to split too!"

"Well," said Lord Alyngton, rising, "you shall sleep here to-night, and to-morrow I will tell you what steps it will be best to take in this matter. Put her in the justices' room, Fraser," he added, detaining the butler, "and bring me the key."

The girl, dismissed with Fraser, showed signs of rebellion on being taken to the large lofty room, with windows quite out of reach, and polished oaken floor and panelling.

"It looks like a prison!" she said, shivering. "I've a mind not to stop, arter all!"

Fraser was wise in his generation.

"I'll bring you a comfortable supper," he said, "and a mattress to sleep on, and my lord, he'll do great things for you, if you mind what he says."

Late as it was, Lord Alyngton sent another telegram that night, and rode over to Admiral Henley's.

He found that worthy in a very bad temper from the united grievances of gout and abstinence, and for a long time was unable to stem the tide of his indignation, or get him to listen to anything foreign to his own troubles.

At last, getting desperate, he said—

"Look here, Admiral, I'm in some little difficulty, and have come to you for advice.

"Is it too late for you to listen to me, and must I go back as I came?"

"Certainly not, my boy, certainly not," said the old officer heartily. "Confound this gout—it makes a brute of me; but I'm not such a brute as to treat the son of my oldest friend worse than I would a dog!"

"It is about my father that I desire to speak," said the young nobleman, coming to the point at once, "or rather about the man who found that hunting-whip on the night of the murder."

Admiral Henley, forgetting his gout and ill-temper, grasped Lord Alyngton's hand, and said heartily—

"If you have caught the rascal, I'll do my best to hang him any day, for I always believed he had a hand himself in your father's death!"

"He had, indeed, if the information I have received to-night is correct," replied Lord Alyngton; and he then proceeded to lay before Admiral Henley the evidence of the girl Sal, and the fact that in the person of the coffee-house keeper near Farrington Market she had discovered the very servant whom Margery had so disliked and suspect at the time of Lord Alyngton's murder.

"It is plain as a pike-staff," cried the Admiral; "but the hussy will make off before you've had time to lay her by the heels!"

"I do not think so," said the young nobleman steadily; "by this time she is under the surveillance of the police. I telegraphed at once, and then came on to you."

"By Jove, you've lost no time, and a warrant will be issued for the arrest of the villain at once!" said the Admiral in great excitement. "Meanwhile, the girl Sal must be detained. It'll take time—a confoundedly long time, my boy—but all's well that ends well, and we shall have him at last!"

"Shall we let Mr. Worcester know what we have discovered?" asked Lord Alyngton anxiously.

"The doors would be shut in our face," said the Admiral bluntly, "if any of us dared to show ourselves at the Rectory. He must learn it from the papers, Charlie, for he'll never give any of us the chance of telling him."

Lord Alyngton rose to take his leave, promising to ride over in the morning as early as possible. He had his own thoughts and feelings about the Rector, and he determined to see Dolly at all costs, and keep the promise he had made of lightening the burden which pressed so heavily on her heart, if ever he had the power of doing so.

About midnight the detective arrived. He was a quiet, middle-aged man, with the appearance of a lawyer' clerk, and was believed to be such by all the servants at the Park excepting Fraser.

Lord Alyngton sat up with him for a considerable time, going over every part of the evidence which had come before him; and at its close he asked anxiously what steps would be taken about Bill Preyer.

"We shall set an officer on his track at once," replied the detective.

"And the woman," inquired the young nobleman—"what of them?"

"If possible, have the girl Sal kept down here, my lord, by working on her fears and greed. As for the woman Jenny, she is under surveillance now, unless she got off before your lordship's telegram arrived. We shall not let her slip through our fingers—never fear!"

* * * * * *

Long after Sal had gone on her way, the man breaking stones near Fairminster had, in his clumsy fashion, pondered over her artful tale regarding her cousin, "Big Bill"; and, when his "spell" of labor was over, and he returned to his native village, he delighted the rustics assembled at the "Cat and Fiddle" with a rude description of the girl and her strange inquiries; and thereupon a stormy discussion arose on the subject of Bill Preyer and his relatives.

"Her couldn't be Bill's cousin," said one old man, "'cause he hadn't no uncles nor aunts. His feyther and me wos boys together, so I ought to know—I did!"

"It warn't Jane Hickson comed back agin?" said a red-faced man in the corner, who, fifteen years before, had been one of Jane's admirers.

"Jane Hickson!" exclaimed the stone-breaker scornfully. "Why, this here lass warn't twenty year old, and Jane, if so be she's alive, mun be nigher forty!"

"That's true," replied the rubicund swain equably. "We're all past our prime since the day Bill fun parson's crop in Middleham Lane."

"Well," said a young fellow, who was often employed on odd jobs at the Rectory, "it isn't like guilt for parson to stop where he is and face it out. He's a plucky 'un, is our parson!"

At this moment a summons at the door was heard, and Floyd, the Rector's butler, entered the bar.

"Is Tom Farrar here?" he said hurriedly, and the young man who had last spoken got up and went forward at once. "The master's had a faintin' fit," continued Floyd in a low voice, but not so low that the watchful ears around did not catch a stray word. "Doctor Ramsden is with him now, and we want you to sleep in the groom's room in case anything is wanted. Dick—the groom—"has gone to Fairminster with a telegram."

"I'll come and gladly," answered the young fellow heartily; "but I'm main sorry to hear 'bout parson." And, taking his cap from the table, he hastened out after Floyd.

For some time after Floyd and the young man had departed, there was silence in the bar of the "Cat and Fiddle." The clerk was the first speaker.

"Perhaps it's a warning sent for t' parson's good as well as ourn," he said solemnly.

"If he's done naught that he's got to be ashamed of," piped the sexton in his thin treble, "I'd like to see him cleared afore he dies; but I don't see no chance o' that," he added, buttoning up his threadbare coat at preparing to depart, as a stalwart young farmer, on his way from market at Fairminster, entered the bar.

"Have ye heard the news, my masters?" he asked in a loud, hearty voice. "That rascal, Bill Preyer, who bolted after the inquest on Lord Alyngton is wanted by the police for the murder of a woman with when he lived somewhere in Whitechapel. The evening papers are full of it, and people are beginning to turn round and say 'twas he who did for my lord! That'll be good news for our parson, anyhow—and here's half-a-crown to drink his health!"

The coin spun round and round on the counter, and the gossips resumed their seats and their chatter, whilst the bearer of these astounding tidings went on to his own fireside at the borders of Combermere and Alyngton.

And so, after fifteen long years, retribution was dogging the footsteps of poor Bess Medwin's destroyer, and bringing home to him another crime scarcely less terrible.

The evening papers had arrived at the Rectory with the letter-bag, for which a groom always rode to Fairminster, there being no second post at Combermere, and Floyd had laid them as usual, on his master's table.

It was Dolly's custom now, when her father was busy—too often a sorry pretext for lonely and sorrowful meditation—to take his coffee into the study after dinner, and linger while he drank the hot and fragrant beverage. This evening Floyd placed the cream-jug and sugar on a tiny silver tray, and Dolly; allowing no further infringement of her privileges, bore it off in triumph to the quaint old room which had been the scene of so many hours of fierce rebellious agony.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

A Word for Novels.—Novels familiarize men's minds with societies not confined to any one age, country, or class. The poorest student treads palace rooms; the sempstress in her garret penetrates into the most exclusive boudoirs. The pauper without a vote takes part in the highest politics of past times.

Suggestions of philosophy, of wisdom, clothed with personality, are gradually drunk in; and the reader rises bettered;—not taught the most approved kind of drainage, of workhouse, or lunatic asylum, but so lifted above the meaner thoughts of daily life, that on all subjects presented to him he is inspired to take a broad and generous view. Man does not live by bread alone, nor by facts alone. We are not all of us statesmen, statisticians, or students, careful to read everything on both sides of a question, and to test every assertion.

The world is moved by feeling more than by interest or argumentative power; and an able novelist may enlist on the side of justice that large force of public feeling which is called the opinion of the day, without which the legislative machine could not be made to move. To lift men up, to make them superior to daily needs, to make them forget animal wants and habitual littleness, is in itself of the greatest and purest use.

Bric-a-Brac.

Flower of the Air.—There is a plant in Chili, and a similar one in Japan, called the "flower of the air." It has no root, and is never fixed to the earth. It twines round a dry tree or sterile rock. Each shoot produces two or three flowers like a lily. It can be transported long distances, and vegetates as it travels suspended on a twig.

The President's Salary.—The salary of the President of the United States is paid to him in monthly instalments of four thousand one hundred and sixty-six dollars. The warrant is brought to the White House by a special messenger from the Treasury department, and after the President has endorsed it as he would an ordinary draft, his private secretary deposits in the Columbia Bank. When the President is out of town the draft is posted to him. The same method is pursued in paying the justices of the supreme court.

The Judgment Seat.—A high seat, called "Kursi," is to be found in the courtyard of all well-to-do houses in Cairo and other large towns of the East. It is occupied by the master of the house when deciding domestic affairs. Such seats are never wanting in the courtyard of the houses of the sheikhs, heads of tribes, or of persons in authority. The seat is placed in a shady part of the court, and judgment is delivered from it on all matters which are brought for decision by the inhabitants of the district, or by members of the tribe over which the master of the house presides.

The Yew.—Next to the oak the yew tree is spoken most in England, and the lives of some of the specimens date back to the early days of English history, when their branches were used for bowmaking. The oldest yew trees are found in some of the ancient British churchyards, where they are supposed to have been placed in order to prevent them from being chopped up by vandal hands. A specimen as handsome as many of these famous old trees was cut down in Germantown some time ago, which was estimated to have been at least 150 years old. The finest specimen now growing in this city is believed to be in Vernon Park, of that historic old suburb, and must be at least 80 years of age.

High-Heeled Shoes.—The streets of the old city of Venice were often extremely thick in mud, in spite of the great sewers which dated from the tenth century. It is easily conceivable. Even now, with but 60,000 or 70,000 inhabitants, the thoroughfares between the Piazza and the Rialto are sometimes sufficiently bad. We are writing of the time when the population was nearly five times what it now is, and when Venetian trade was at its zenith. Well, to combat this mud, the ladies took to high-heeled shoes. As the mud grew worse, the heels became taller and taller, until at length they were half a yard high, and as difficult to control as a pair of stilts without handles. The consequence was that a lady in full dress, obliged to walk but a few yards, had to be supported on both sides. This was a task for the black pages, or for the lovers, who had now become a very conventional part of Venetian society.

A Ballad and its Story.—The famous ballad of "Auld Robin Gray" was written by Lady Anne Lindsay, daughter of the Earl of Balcarres, when she was twenty-one years old, but it was not till fifty years later that she told how she came to write it. Robin Gray was a shepherd on her father's farm, and for something he had done she wished to immortalise him. So she began this ballad, but before she finished it she asked her little sister for her advice about it. She said she was making a ballad about distress in humble life; she was bringing sorrows upon her heroine's head; she had sent her Jamie to sea, broken her father's arm, caused her mother to fall ill, and given her auld Robin Gray for a lover. "But I want her to have a fifth sorrow. Now what shall I do?" "Steal the coo, Annie," was the little girl's reply. And accordingly Lady Anne completed the round of Jennie's troubles by having "the cow stolen away."

If the soles of pegged boots or shoes are occasionally oiled the shoes will be easier, the soles will last longer and the pegs will not get loose in the leather.

LISTEN!

BY C. C.

Oh waves! wild waves, washing up to my feet,
Take me to sleep on your passionless breast;
The crest for my pillow—the foam for my sheet,
The roar of the tempest to lull me to rest.

Oh waves! weary waves, with your rise and your dip,
While many a league ye traverse each day,
Have ye seen the dark hull of a rudderless ship
Tossing about on the pitiless spray?

Have ye seen a mariner's dead white face
Turn'd up with fierce gaze on the lowering sky?
Have ye met a sad token, or seen a trace
Of one who was drifted away to die?

Oh waves! I am listening—hushing my breath!
Tell me the tale of the good ship's doom;
Tell me the tale of the storm and death,
Of the cries that rang thro' the gathering gloom.

Oh waves! wild waves, with your moan and your cry,
Rock me to sleep on your passionless breast;
I'm weary—I'm weary, and longing to lie
On your cold bed, in a long dreamless rest.

TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OWEN DALE'S OR DEAL," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MADGE DALE'S FORTUNE," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

A SUMMONS to attend at the procurator-fiscal's office was suddenly served upon Hayes, as if there was some anticipation on the part of that official that he would try to get away, and so avoid giving his evidence. But since his interview with the policeman he had put aside that idea as weak and foolish. Whatever harm was to come because of his visit to Alice Mostyn on the eve of the fire had better come now, before his marriage.

Hayes was quite conscious, when he appeared before the procurator-fiscal to give his evidence, of the difficult circumstances in which he was placed. But he was armed at all points now, and resolved that this woman should not work him harm still, even after her death, if he could prevent it. Fate had rid him of her in the moment of his utmost need, and he intended to make full use of the freedom granted to him so tardily and in so terrible a manner.

Yes, he said, in reply to the official's questions, he had visited Miss Mostyn on Wednesday evening—the night of the fire. He had left her at a few minutes after eleven. It was quite true that he had not reached his hotel until close upon half-past twelve. During the whole of that interval he was strolling about the town, admiring the city in the moonlight. He was absolutely certain that it was not more than a quarter-past eleven when he left No. 14, Fanshawe Street. If a footstep had been heard on the stairs within a minute or two of midnight, it was another person's. He was in Prince's Street, opposite to Scott's monument, when the clocks struck twelve.

The fiscal pressed this point for some time, and dropped it at last with a remark as to the "singularly unfortunate position" of Mr. Haynes in not being able to produce confirmatory evidence as to his whereabouts between eleven and half-past twelve. Then he passed on to another matter. Was Mr. Haynes brother-in-law to Miss Mostyn?

"No—certainly not!"

At this announcement there was a murmur of surprise, not unmixed with indignation, from Mistress Murray, who was also present; for in her evidence she had stated that such a relationship did exist between Mr. Peter Haynes and her lodger.

Mr. Haynes was, of course, aware that deceased had claimed that relationship? Yes, he was aware of that; but, on the other hand, he could not give the procurator-fiscal any explanation of Miss Mostyn's motive in making such a statement. He had known the deceased intimately many years before, but had not heard or seen anything of her until the past week, when she wrote asking him to call upon her; and for certain reasons he felt bound to come at once in answer to her appeal. He had no objection to speak out on the matter of their acquaintance. Miss Mostyn had been married to his closest friend in Australia some years before, and, when this friend was dying, he—the witness—had promised to help his wife if ever she needed his assistance. The lady, acting upon this knowledge, had summoned him to her, and he, true to his promise to his dead friend, had come.

Mrs. Murray's face during this statement was a study. Perhaps she was thinking of the words she had overheard from the dead woman concerning the ring she wore——

"That ring has never been off my finger since you put it there, and it never will be until I have no longer a voice in the matter."

The procurator-fiscal did not press his inquiries further; and no one could have guessed, from the self-possession of his manner as he resumed his seat, how intensely relieved Haynes was at the conclusion of the ordeal.

Was it really at an end? he was asking himself. Was that fatal mistake of his youth to be at last effaced from his life?

But, if the procurator-fiscal was satisfied, Mistress Murray was not. The more she thought over Haynes' evidence, the less she liked it, and mingled with her dissatisfaction at the substance of it was a strong sense of personal injury at her own testimony having been shaken.

In spite of his eagerness to return to town, Hayes decided not to go back by the night-mail on the Friday. His nerves were terribly shaken by the events of the past two days; he was certainly not in a fit state to present himself before the family party assembled for the wedding in Wilton Crescent. He would have a good night's rest in Edinburgh, travel home on the morrow, and then take a short peep at his little love in the evening. By Sunday morning he would be ready to face them all.

As he walked back to his hotel, half afraid even now to congratulate himself upon the ease with which his alias had been maintained, he was started by seeing Hugh Mackenzie looking in at a shop-window.

He had not realized until that moment how desperately he had set his heart on keeping all knowledge of this business from Hilda's people. Cold drops of perspiration stood on his brow, and he almost ran in his anxiety to get out of sight before Mackenzie should turn and see him. He knew quite well how quickly his exceptional height attracted people's attention; there was little chance of his passing unrecognized if he was once seen.

When he was safe inside his hotel, he again began to thank his lucky stars for this further piece of good fortune.

But Hugh Mackenzie had seen him, after all!

CHAPTER V.

ON THE day following Hayes' hurried departure for Edinburgh, Lady Mildred received a telegram from him informing her that he found it impossible to be back until Saturday evening, so that the signing of the settlements would have to be deferred until Monday—two days before the wedding. To her surprise, and also a little dissatisfaction, he asked her to address her reply to the postoffice. Anything that savored of mystery was most distasteful to her ladyship. However, she sent the reply as requested, informing him that she and Hilda had taken up their quarters at her brother's house in Wilton Crescent for the wedding, and forthwith tried to forget all about the unpleasant incident.

On Saturday morning Hugh Mackenzie put in an unexpected appearance at Wilton Crescent, walking quietly in among the ladies in his mother's morning-room as if he had left them only an hour before.

"Now please don't all begin at me at once!" he cried, when his sisters and mother rose with a chorus of questions and exclamations. "The reason you've not heard from me is because the man I went salmon fishing with fell ill in a day or two after we started, and I've been cooped up in an out-of-the-way Highland inn miles away from a postoffice, too busy nursing Gordon to bother about anything else. I fetched your letter from the post town only the day before yesterday, mother, and here I am in obedience to your commands; though why my presence is so necessary at this wedding I can't imagine. How do, aunt Mildred? Ah, here's the little bride! You see, I've come in time to offer my good wishes, Hilda, if they are worth having. Terry Sugden, by all that's glorious! Well, I am glad to see you! Are you going to be a bridesmaid? I shall bid for the post of your cavalier if you are."

"You're too late, Hugh," remarked his eldest sister, Lady Beatrice. "Tenterden claims that post by right, as he is to be best man."

"Oh," rejoined Hugh shortly, "in those circumstances I don't begrudge it him!"

Lady Morristown put down the newspaper she had just taken up and looked inquiringly at her favorite son.

"It was your own fault that you were left out, my dear boy!" she said. "We'd had another bridesmaid if we had known, but we could get no definite promise from you."

"Don't worry yourself," he answered lightly; "I am not particularly anxious to take a prominent part in the day's doing. I dare say I shall find some neglected damsel who will be glad of a little attention, even from a poor younger son!"

Terry, who was helping Hilda in her task of preparing wedding-cards, looked up in surprise at Hugh's tone of injury. If her attention had not been attracted in this way, she would have noticed the quick flush in Hilda's down bent face and the momentary unsteadiness of her handwriting.

"Listen to him!" exclaimed Lady Maude, with careless amusement. "He is developing the virtue of humility! What has happened to take the conceit out of you, Hugh? It is something new to hear you forming a low estimate of yourself!"

He turned aside with an impatient ejaculation, and sank down into a low chair at the other end of the room.

"What are your engagements for the day, mother?" he asked. "Shall I be in your way for an hour or two?"

"Not in the least! The girls are all going to be photographed in their bridesmaids' dresses, and your aunt has an appointment at half-past twelve with the confectioner; but Hilda and I shall be at home until after luncheon. Her dress has not arrived yet, so she has had to postpone her visit to the photographer's until Monday."

"Won't you come and help to group us, Hugh?" said Lady Maude, insinuatingly.

But Hugh declared he was too tired.

"I came by the night mail," he told them, "and the sleeping-cars were full. I feel quite seedy this morning."

Lady Aline, the youngest and prettiest of the Mackenzie girls, came over, on her way out of the room, and kissed his forehead affectionately.

"You don't look so bright as usual," she said. "Settle yourself on the couch for an hour or two before luncheon—mother's and Hilda's quiet talk won't disturb you—and then you will be fresh enough to take Miss Sugden and me to the Park before dinner."

"This chair is good enough," he replied. I shall get a rest here."

There was a good deal of bustle up and down the stairs for the next half-hour, but at last the house grew pleasantly quiet. Occasionally a tradesman's cart clattered past the open windows, and now and again there would come a shrill cry from the children at play in the gardens below; but the sounds by no means disturbed the air of repose in Lady Morristown's flower-decked morning-room.

Hilda went on systematically with her writing, and the Countess as systematically went through her morning paper, while Hugh lay back restfully among the luxurious cushions of the great chair, with closed eyes and placid lips, in a light sleep.

Presently Lady Morristown was called from the room to inspect some plan of decorations for the staircases and drawing rooms, and Hilda stopped her writing to gaze out of the window. Hugh's return had caused her considerable perturbation. She had not known till now how great a relief his absence had been. She was shocked to find how his presence agitated her and added to the pain that was always pressing like an intolerable weight on her heart.

She sat with her face towards the wall, her chin on her hands, quite unconscious that the tears were running down her cheeks, until an arm was placed with gentle suddenness about her waist and her head was drawn down upon a rough tweed coat.

"My poor little thing! This is just what I feared."

With a startled cry she tried to free herself, as she found Hugh on his knees at her side; but, when he did not at once release her, she ceased to struggle.

"Aunt Mildred is nothing less than a Gorgon!" he went on, in his tender winning tones, touching her pretty dusky hair caressingly and pressing his lips against the soft curls at her temple. "I guessed you were being driven into this most unsuitable marriage, dear, and that was why I tried to keep away. I knew I shouldn't be able to hold my tongue, and I didn't want to make things more difficult for you."

"Hugh, please let me go! Your mother will——"

"She won't be up for half an hour; I know what she is when she once begins to talk to the florists' people. And, besides, you are like another sister to me, Hilda; why should she object? Where is the wicked giant who is going to bear you off to his gloomy castle, Hilda? Are you expecting him? Is that why you did not go out? Do you know, I thought I saw him as I passed through Edinburgh last night. I knew how improbable it was that he should be there; but the man I saw was so like him that I actually followed him to his hotel—he went too fast for me to overtake him—and asked the name of the very tall man who had just gone in. 'Peter something,' they told me; so I gave it up."

"But, Hugh, Mr. Hayes is in Edinburgh!"

"He is! Then it certainly was he! The porter at the hotel must have made a mistake about his name. What is he doing up there so shortly before his marriage? I did not know he had any Scotch connexions."

"Something to do with a trust, he told me."

"Some wretched money-business, of course. How I hate him for being better off than I am! Hilda dearest, why did you allow yourself to be bullied into accepting him?"

Hilda said nothing; but her tears began to flow again. It was all so hopeless and wretched! Seeing that Hugh still chose to maintain the flimsy fable of brotherly regard for her, how could she tell him that his indifference had had quite as much to do with her faint-hearted submission as her fear of her mother's anger?

"I could not believe it when I first heard it," he went on. "The thought of your marriage had never entered my head, except as an event in the dim future. You are such a childish little creature to be worried with such things! Why, Maude and Beatrice are both older than you, and they have never received a proposal! You can't think what a shock it was when my mother told me of your engagement to that morose brute of a Hayes! I had imagined our going on in our pleasant cousinly fashion for years to come, always the best of friends; and then I thought it just possible that, some day perhaps, when we were both sure of our own feelings and I had made up my mind to settle down to work—— But what is the use of talking of that now?" he broke off suddenly, seeing that Hilda was crying piteously. "My dearest, don't do that, or I shall go and kill myself! I am just as miserable as you are, Hilda—a little more so perhaps, for I haven't even a goodly share of the loaves and fishes as a poor compensation for the loss of you."

"It is no compensation, Hugh—none at all!" she sobbed; and at the sweet admission, so soothing to his vanity, he bent forward and kissed her quivering lips. "I would rather have starved with you than——"

"My darling—my poor sacrificed little darling!" he murmured, stopping further embarrassing confessions with his caresses. "But it is useless to look back now, Hilda—quite useless, my poor little girl! All there is left to us is to make the best we can of things as they are. There is Terry Sugden's voice! What has brought her back so soon? Go out to the balcony, Hilda. I will keep her talking here for a minute or two till you are quieter."

But Hugh erred grievously in thinking that he was going to manage Terry according to his own wishes.

"I came home directly the portrait-business was over," she said, in reply to his inquiries; "the others have gone shopping. I thought Hilda would be lonely; but I forgot all about you." Her bright fearless eyes were fixed upon him inquiringly as she spoke; there was something about him she could not quite understand, something which looked almost like trepidation. "I thought I'd help her to finish the cards too, as she wanted to get them out of the way before Mr. Hayes came back this evening. She can't surely have finished them already! I wonder where she is?"

"Up-stairs, I think," he said, and immediately regretted the hasty falsehood, for Terry went to the writing-table to find out how much progress Hilda had made, and caught sight of an inch or two of pale-blue cambric drapery outside the window.

Hugh would have stopped her if he

could, but she was too quick for him. She stepped nimbly out on to the balcony, and, before he had time to get out of the way, she came into the room again and faced him with an air of passionate indignation.

"Oh, you mean pitiful coward!" she whispered, coming close up to him to make sure that he heard all she had to say. "This is what you remained behind for, is it? I suspected her; but she kept her secret so well that I was almost persuaded that I was mistaken. And now you come with your wishy-washy sentiment and deprive her of her last remnant of self-respect! And I suppose you call yourself a man, and perhaps even a gentleman!"

"I think you're awfully hard on me, Terry," he muttered, flushing at her contemptuous tone. "You seem to forget that this business is as bad for me as for her."

"Fudge!" she exclaimed. "Don't tell me! You don't know what true feeling is? You couldn't really love anybody any more than you could fly over the moon—you're too vain and selfish! But I didn't think you could be cruel—I didn't think you would ever behave so pitilessly to my weak helpless thing in your power!"

"Pitiless or not," he retorted, "whether I could have loved her with such a furnace-like passion as you seem to think necessary or not, I could have made her happier than could that clodhopping bushranger!"

"Then why didn't you? If you knew she cared for you, why didn't you run away with her and risk the consequences? Her mother would never have seen you starve."

"Pooh!" he rejoined. "You don't know what you're talking about, Terry. The thing was utterly impossible. I'm sorry for what has happened this morning; but it was an accident. I would not hurt the poor little darling's feelings for the world. Don't bear malice, Terry. Won't you shake hands and be friends?"

For a moment Terry stood looking at him in silent astonishment. He had just been doing his best to break that poor child's heart, and now he could trouble himself about keeping up appearance with her. She gave him her hand with a commiserating laugh. What was the use of being angry with such an invertebrate creature as this?

"I suppose we must make the best we can of you now you are here," she said grudgingly. "Keep out of the way as much as possible. This dreadful business has to be gone through with—that's certain—and all we can do is to spare the poor child any further pain."

Then we went out on to the balcony and, without a glance in Hilda's direction, began nipping the faded blooms off the plants, gossiping away as gaily as she could until she knew by Hilda's replies that the girl was recovering her self-command.

It was ten o'clock before Hayes put in an appearance that night, arriving when the carriage was already at the door, waiting to bear his fragile little love off to some grand reception at the house of a Cabinet Minister's wife.

Oh, yes, he had a card too, he replied, in answer to Lady Morristown's inquiry; but he must ask them to excuse him—his business in the North had been of a very trying description, and he did not think his temper would stand the bustle and worry of a crush!

"Come down to the House with me," said the Earl. "If we start at once, we shall be just in time to hear the two last speeches in the debate. Milner is going to speak, and perhaps Westhall."

"Better stay and have a quiet smoke with me," suggested Lord Tenterden, who had taken a liking, in his placid unemotional way, to "the reformed gold-digger." "You look fairly done up. A quiet night at home will be the best thing for you."

"And I mean to have it," answered Hayes. "I'm going straight home to my rooms as soon as the ladies have started."

But Lady Morristown was not in any very great hurry, it seemed; it would be sufficient if she showed herself to her hostess and came away again.

And then, without knowing how it had been managed, Hayes found himself left virtually alone with Hilda, for, though they were in view of the people in the larger drawing-room, nobody was likely to pay much attention to them and their doings. The events of the past few days had brought the old wild life of the gold-fields vividly before him again, and, with his mind full of such memories, his present position seemed to him a sacrilege towards the dainty blameless little creature. He looked down at her in her cloud-like gown of white net and silk with a feeling that was almost reverence.

"I think you are looking tired too, little girl," he said gently. "These dressmaker people are killing you. I shall have to set to work to nurse you when all this bustle is over."

"I am feeling a little tired," she confessed. "It has been very hot in town."

"We shall find it cool enough in Norway next week, I dare say. You shall be as lazy as you like then; I shall not allow the slightest over-exertion. What does little smile mean? Evidently you don't believe in me as a nurse. But you will discover that I am that, as well as some other things, in time. When there was any sickness at the diggings, I was always the first one told off for hospital duty; though, to be sure, there's a considerable difference between looking after rough miners down with fever and tending a delicate blossom which would snap off at stem with the first hasty touch.

She had only one glove on, and he took up the other from where it lay on the table, fingering it with deft lightness as if it were a sentient thing conscious of his cares.

"Such a tiny frail little hand," he murmured—"one could crush it with a grip! You don't know how careful I have to be not to hurt it, Hilda. I wonder sometimes if I shall ever learn to be gentle enough with you; I am so strong and rough!"

"You have never been rough with me," she said timidly; and at the simple words his face lighted up with keen pleasure.

"Have I not? Thank goodness for that! You see, I am in the hands of a very successful teacher, one who keeps me for ever on the watch. I think so constantly of you and of what would please you that I am always 'at lessons.' I wonder if I shall ever gain the prize I am working for, Hilda?

She looked up in silent inquiry, and he answered her smilingly—

"Your absolute confidence and trust—to know every wish of you heart, every thought in clever little head.

She drew a quick breath, as if the prospect alarmed her.

"I am not clever—not a bit," she assured him—"a little persevering perhaps, but not clever."

"So much the better for me," he answered; "it will take you all the longer to find out my faults and failings. Do you know, I was enchanted with Edinburgh, Hilda. I had never been there before. Do you know it?"

"No; I have seen it only from the railway when I have going through to stay at Mackenzie House."

"Then we must contrive to have a week there before we come back to Cruxwold and settle down for the winter. It is to me a city of a thousand attractions. I walked out to Calton Hill last night and watched the moon come up over Arthur's Seat. There were Holyrood and the old town at my feet. It was most impressive. The place throws a glamor over you; history and romance are in the air. It is impossible to forget that you are on the manœuvring ground of—— I beg your pardon!" He broke off hastily with a laugh, as the surprise in Hilda's face recalled him to himself. "Quite an instructive lecture, wasn't? The atmosphere of the place has got into my head, I think. Lady Morristown is moving; she has been very good to me. I may call to-morrow after church?"

Hilda had never given so much thought to her fiance as she did that night. The discovery of that vein of romance, that touch of keen appreciation of the picturesque, had done more to rouse in her a faint interest in him than any prosaic personal excellence would have done. For the first time he had faintly stirred her imagination, and that too just when he was thinking least about it. And his face had looked really striking with that bright intellectual animation upon it; and, though his voice was never absolutely objectionable, she liked it better when he let it have its own way than when he lowered it to murmuer those tender little speeches which were so distasteful to her.

CHAPTER VI.

PIERREPOINT HAYES' appearance was the subject of general remark among his acquaintances during the few days following his return to Edinburgh. Never much given to gaiety or merriment, his natural gravity seemed to have become intensified in the period immediately preceding his wedding-day, until the men at the clubs began to observe grimly that Hayes was already repenting the bargain which that keen hand Lady Mildred had driven with him.

Even Hilda, unobservant as she was of his moods as a rule, noticed the change that had taken place in him since his return from the North. Once or twice she was surprised to find herself wondering what was the cause of his very evident depression; and, when he shook it off at sight of her, and endeavored resolutely to be pleasant and attentive to everybody, and amiable and tender in his intercourse with her, she was conscious of feeling sorry for him, conscious too of his unselfishness, and secretly inclined to wish she could do something to lessen his very evident anxiety.

During those few days Terry Sugden earned that warm gratitude of Hayes by her active goodwill. She was always ready to break in upon their interviews if she saw any signs of boredom, and yet knew how to efface herself at a moment's notice. Hugh Mackenzie, under her watchful care, had no opportunity of doing further mischief, even if he had the inclination and kept out of the way, idling about the house with an injured air which often made Terry long to box his ears.

Perhaps there was not a more thoroughly satisfied woman in all London on the day of Hilda's marriage than Lady Mildred Priestly. Things had fallen so exactly in accordance with her plans that her elation was excusable. This one season was all she could have afforded to give Hilda. If she had not secured a suitable establishment during this comet-like period of brilliance, the chances were that she would have had to be contented with a far less ambitious marriage.

There was another cause for Lady Mildred's jubilation, though she kept it out of sight, seeing how well her brother's wife had behaved in the matter of the wedding—she was triumphant over the Morristown girls. It was a constant joy to think that, in spite of their many advantages, Hilda should have made such a desirable match over their heads. Of course the child's great personal attractions had had some share in bringing about this satisfactory state of things; but Lady Mildred chose to think that her own astuteness and clever management were equally responsible factors.

It was a charming wedding; Mrs. Penfold, the Duchess of Witton's mother, said so, and Mrs. Penfold could not err. There was not the slightest attempt at a grand function; but everything that was undertaken was done well and in perfect taste. The result was unlimited congratulations from everybody. Truly Lady Mildred had cause to rejoice!

Generally submissive to her ladyship's plans, there was one point upon which Hayes had insisted on having his own way. He would not have any route laid down or any definite arrangements made for the wedding-tour.

"We are just going to dawdle about as the spirit moves us," he declared. "We will go where, when, and how the fancy comes to us, and, when we are both tired of vagabondising, and not before, we will come home and set about doing our duties to our neighbors."

In pursuance of this unrestricted arrangement, their route for the wedding-day was settled only as far as the first stage—Folkestone. They might go on a stage farther or they might not; that would be settled after starting. Above all things, Hayes meant that Hilda should be free to follow the inclination of the moment.

"A most inconvenient arrangement," Mattie—promoted to the post of Mrs. Hayes' maid—confided to her traveling companion Mordant. "We shall never have a minute's peace. The whole tour through we shall be on tenter-hooks. Day after day, from morning till night, we shall be expecting orders to pack. We'll be worn to fiddle-strings before we get home again!"

By the first post on the morning of the wedding-day there came, among other little presents, a thick packet addressed to "Mrs. Pierrepoint Hayes." Lady Mildred's faithful follower Mattie, who had scolded and indulged Hilda by turns ever since she was a winsome mite in worked socks and strapped shoes, was a "Highland wumman," and almost as superstitious as the most abject fetish-worshipper to be found in the length and breadth of the Dark Continent. According to her creed, nothing was more unlucky than for a bride to receive a letter addressed to her by her married name before she had a right to be so addressed. "Miss Hilda" would be very much obliged to her dear old Mattie for saving her from such a woeful omen on her wedding-morning. And so it fell out that, instead of being handed to Hilda when it arrived, the letter was placed in Mattie's capacious hand-bag, to be brought out when her bonnie lassie returned from church; but owing to the excitement of the day Mattie forgot all about it until some hours later.

Everybody agreed that the bridegroom's manner was just what it should be, in its utter self-forgetfulness and its subdued tenderness towards the bride. Hayes' feelings were far too deep for him to make any display of them or to have any thought for such a trifling matter as his own share in the pretty pageant, and he would have been very much amused if he had heard some of the remarks on his appearance and conduct. That his childlike little wife should cry bitterly on parting with her mother was quite in conformity with the nature of things; he did not commit the blunder of trying to check her tears. He was most scrupulous in his care for her; but, when once they were on their way to Folkestone, and the tears began to flow again, he thought it was best not to attempt to soothe her. Although he had not had much experience of women's ways, he knew enough of them to feel sure that Hilda would be all the better for "a good cry"; so he waited patiently until she stopped of her own free will, and then he placed a cushion and persuaded her to rest her aching head against it, and opened a bottle of scent, and drew the blinds half down to temper the brilliant sunshine, doing it all so quietly and methodically that she felt comforted without knowing why. When presently she closed her eyes, he took the hint at once and picked up a book, holding it between them. Her shyness, he told himself, was to be conquered only by perfect forbearance.

The sunshine of the June afternoon created a stifling heat in the railway-carriage, and, when he had assured himself that the poor overwrought girl had really fallen asleep, he leaned forward and fanned her pretty flushed face, with a look in his eyes which would have astonished her if she had seen it. Such love as that which he felt for her was unknown and undreamed of in her philosophy.

Later on, when she opened her eyes, feeling cool and greatly refreshed by her sleep, he leaned back at once and picked up his book again. His air of quiet self-effacement touched her.

"Have you been fanning me all the time?" she asked, with a grateful glance at him. "Have I been asleep long?"

"Over an hour. We are just at our journey's end. I was beginning to be afraid that I should have to wake you up. I think you had better put on your hat. Will you go across to the hotel—it is scarcely a dozen steps—with Mordant, while I find out the exact time at which the boats start? And then, while we dine, we can decide on our next step—when we shall cross, and where we shall go when we have crossed. I wish I could find out what you would like best of all; it would be such a great pleasure to me to feel that I was planning for your enjoyment as well as my own."

"You are very kind," she murmured. "I should like to do what would make you happy if—if I know how. Above all things I think I should like to see some of the old Normandy towns if you——"

"Delightful!" he exclaimed as the train drew up at the platform. "The very suggestion I was waiting for! I will look up the route, and see if they have any Normandy guide-books at the bookstall here before I come back to you."

"You are sure," she said, with a nervous smile—"quite sure—there is no other course you would prefer?"

He laughed gaily. He liked his darling's smile and the pleading tone in her voice. Was his rosebud already showing signs of relaxing the tight folds of its petals?

"Foolish child," he murmured, as the porter turned the handle of the door "when shall I convince you that 'my sole intent is your delight'?"

As he helped her out she glanced at him with an expression of keen appreciation in her eyes, and often looked back as she left the station, half inclined to ask him not to be long. But he had been seized by an acquaintance, a stout man in yachting costume, who was talking to him with eager animation; so she went on with her little request unspoken.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Our guess-doll netted us over $4000. No one guessed the name, and I still have the doll," said the Rev. Mr. Scaddleberry. "It must have had an odd name. What was it?" "I didn't name it at all," returned the reverend gentleman, with a face that simply beamed with pious regard for its owner's clever business sense.

APROPOS to the immigration question now receiving attention, it may be mentioned that in 1729 the Assembly of Pennsylvania passed an act laying a duty on immigrants, and repealed it the next year.

"ONLY FAIR, NOT TRUE."

BY E. W.

I loved a maiden long ago;
She held within her hand my fate,
And in the ruddy sunset's glow
We lingered at the garden gate.

The splendor of the western skies
Lay in a halo on her hair;
I gazed with worship in her eyes,
And deemed her pure, and knew her fair.

"Good-night," I said, and turned away;
She held me with her subtle smile;
I saw her red lips whisper "stay,"
And so I lingered yet awhile.

"I love you—love you, sweet," I said,
She laughed and answered, "I love you,"
I kissed her small mouth, ripe and red,
And knew her fair, and deemed her true.

'Twas very, very long ago,
And I was young and so was she,
My faith, as love, was strong, for oh,
The maid was all the world to me.

But as the sunset died away,
And left the heavens cold and blue,
So died my dream of love one day,
The maid was only fair, not true.

Too Sensible by Half.

BY C. W. L.

"GIRLS," said Alfred Denton, laying down the morning paper, and glancing round the breakfast table—"girls, you must be careful to put on your best bibs and tuckers this evening, for I am going to bring you a visitor."

Mrs. Denton, his widowed mother, slipped into her pocket the butcher's bill over which she had been meditating, whilst her daughters looked up eagerly, and began plying their brother with questions.

Only Gwynneth Owen, their guest and kinswoman, sat with her head bent over her plate, and a red spot, token, this, of annoyance, beginning to burn upon her delicate cheek.

This was Gwynneth's first visit to Bristol. Indeed, she had been scarcely aware of the existence of these distant, very distant relatives, till the decease of the uncle with whom she had lived from infancy.

The Reverend Philip Owen had held a living in a lovely, but a very secluded Welsh village, and his death deprived Gwynneth of the only home she had ever known; but not of a subsistence. A few hundreds, the remnant of her father's property, had been carefully invested for her benefit, and added to at every opportunity, till it swelled into a sum quite sufficient to afford her a respectable little income.

A bequest in Mr. Owen's will of some valuable old china to Mrs. Denton, brought her son into Wales, and made him acquainted with Gwynneth. She was pretty, refined, and well portioned.

Mr. Alfred Denton saw these things, and courted her so assiduously, that she was half frightened, half flattered by his attentions, and easily persuaded to accept his mother's invitation to spend the first few weeks of her mourning at Bristol.

"The old lady will do her best to make you comfortable," Alfred assured her, "and you'll find my sisters regular jolly girls. It's just the change of scene and society you ought to have."

And a very great change Gwynneth found it from the quiet Welsh vicarage, and the studious companionship of her aged uncle. At first, the noise and bustle of a great city was bewildering, but it soon interested and delighted.

Of the very dressy, loud talking young ladies, who caressed and patronized, pitied and despised her as a poor little ignorant rustic, she was slow to form an opinion. They were Alfred's sisters, and they meant to be kind, and, perhaps, her isolated life had made her as great a precisian as they laughingly called her. Certainly it was the first time she had been domesticated with the girls who rarely opened a book, except to learn the latest fashions in bonnets or mantles, who played nothing but valses and quadrilles, and whose sole aims in life were to be well dressed, and to get married.

Alfred was going to introduce a friend to his sisters. Already Gwynneth knew what was meant by the announcement, and that this would-be lover of hers was too deeply versed in the family tactics to bring an acquaintance home, without first ascertaining that he was in easy circumstances and disengaged.

The questions with which he was now being plied confirmed this.

"Is your friend worth dressing for?" asked Asra; she had voted her baptismal name of Sarah odious, and metamorphosed it into a more romantic one. "That stockholder from Liverpool turned out a deception. Mamma said you ought to be more careful; didn't you ma?"

"And he was so ugly!" murmured Marie, once known as Anna Maria.

"You wouldn't have minded his looks, if he had had plenty of money, would she, Alf?" cried the spoiled child of the household, Eliza, aged twelve.

"Peace, Lisette! Your rudeness is insufferable!" exclaimed Asra. "What will Gwynneth think of you? Do tell us more about your friend, Alfred. Is he handsome?"

"Nothing to boast of. Manly-looking, and nearly six feet high, that is all," replied her brother, complacently regarding, in a pier glass, his own trim figure and regular features.

"Well, what more?" asked Marie. "His name is——"

"Bernard Wilmur; and he comes from Birmingham."

"A trader, or a commercial traveler, I suppose!" commented Asra, with an air of dissatisfaction. "How horrid!"

"He has a share in a large firm in that city, I believe, but he came here to receive a very nice little legacy, left to him by his mother's brother, that wealthy solicitor who died just before Gwynneth's uncle. A very nice little legacy, indeed; I wish someone would leave me half as much."

"Dear me, how interesting!" said Marie. "Is he dark, or fair? Is he musical, or—or what are his tastes? Give us a hint or two, Alf, that we may know what to be about."

Mr. Alfred Denton shrugged his shoulders, contemptuously.

"I don't believe he has any tastes at all. To tell you the truth, he strikes me as being rather soft; but it is the only fault that I can see in him, and," this was said with an odious grin, "I shouldn't think it would be a fault in the eyes of the lucky girl who has the managing of him, and spending his cash."

Here Mrs. Denton rose, saying, fussily, that if they were going to have company, she must give some additional orders to the cook. Asra and Marie went upstairs to inspect the condition of certain costumes, in which they hoped to dazzle the stranger, while Lisette rushed in pursuit to claim a reward, promised on the previous day for some shopping she had done for them, Gwynneth being overlooked in the more absorbing interest of their brother's announcement.

"Our Cambrian Daisy looks quite serious this morning: what does it mean?" said Alfred, coming to her side, and attempting to put his arm across her shoulders.

But Gwynneth did not like attentions of this description, and drew her chair quickly away, so as to face him.

"Am I graver than usual?" she inquired. "If so, it was because you say and do things that perplex me."

Alfred laughed at this frank avowal.

"I'm not surprised to hear that. You are so new to the world, my dear little hermit—or hermitess, which ought I to call you?—that you must often feel embarrassed. But it will wear off, dear Gwyn; it will wear off, as you mix with society, and get rid of your rural prejudices."

Gwynneth drooped her head, and her voice was unsteady as she put another question to him.

"Do you mean that I shall ever learn to welcome a guest of whom you speak in such terms as you have just spoken of the young man you propose bringing here this evening?"

"My sweetest Daisy, I can't remember saying anything to the discredit of Bernard Wilmur. His connections are highly respectable, and so on."

"But you made an observation about him that I scarcely like to repeat. Could you be in earnest when you talked of his future wife being well satisfied at his want of intellect, if it enabled her to—to manage him?"

"Pooh! what harm was there in that? If the fellow hasn't sense enough to take care of himself, he will be lucky if he gets hold of a wife sharp enough to do it for him."

"And you would have one of your sisters marry under such circumstances?"

Alfred Denton began to chafe beneath the reproachful gaze of his fair catechist.

"Now you are going into the matter too deeply. Wilmur would be a fairly good match for either Marie or Asra. They can't expect to get everything in matrimony. Money and sense won't always go together."

"But——"

Gwynneth was not allowed to proceed.

"You dear, argumentative little creature, you talk and think like my great-grandmother. You had much better leave my sisters to manage their own affairs, they are as sharp as needles, and know what they are about. They were not born romantic, like you, my pretty; and when I marry, as I hope to do soon—eh, Gwyn?—they know they mustn't expect me to make a home for them as well as my mother, so they are bound to look out for themselves."

"Would you drive them into a marriage that it horrifies one to think of?" ejaculated the young girl, retreating from him with such a disgusted look, that he grew angry.

"Here's much ado over nothing! I wish I hadn't mentioned Wilmur's name while you were in the room. But who would have thought you'd take such an exaggerated view of what I said? When I called him a trifle soft, I only meant that he's not like you—too sensible by half. He's a very pleasant young fellow, and I meant simply—simply—there! I don't know what I did mean, so let's say no more about it. You haven't seen Clifton Bridge yet? Let me take you there this afternoon, and we'll have a stroll in the Leigh Woods. You'll be delighted with them."

Gwynneth Owen said in her heart that she wished she had never set foot in Bristol; that if views of right and wrong were crude and old-fashioned, she should always prefer them to the newer ones of relatives; but the beauty of the walk soothed her ruffled spirits, and though she refused to wear the engaged ring Alfred would have slipped on her finger, and hinted her fears that they disagreed on too many vital points ever to be happy together, she heard with good-humor his assurances that she did not know her own mind, and would soon come round to his way of thinking.

* * * * * *

Gwynneth was so tired with her lengthy walk that she was forced to plead her fatigue as an excuse for not appearing in the drawing-room that evening; but Asra and Marie came into her chamber at the close of it, to wish her good night, and favor her with their ideas anent their new acquaintance.

"Alf is right; Mr. Wilmur cannot be called exactly handsome; but he is not at all bad looking, and his clothes are well made. Although one would not feel ashamed to be seen walking with him, as Marie was of her last beau."

"Oh, he was a fright!" cried Marie. "It was quite a relief when Alf found out that he was not what he represented himself. Wicked wretch! What an escape for me!"

"Still, he could talk well, and sing a little, while this man can do nothing but look vacant, and answer 'yes,' 'no,' or 'I really can't say!' He did not volunteer a single remark all the while he was here!"

"And yet he turned the leaves of the music at the right place when we sang duets to him."

Asra assented, but it was with a yawn.

"I was glad to sit down to the piano, for it was awful hard work to get on with him. I tried every subject I could think of, but always with the same result. Did he play tennis?—No. Didn't he think it a charming game?—Ya-a-s, he supposed it was. Should we teach him? my sister and I would be so pleased. When would he take his opening lesson? To which all the stupid fellow could answer was, that 'he really couldn't say.'"

"Perhaps he is studious," suggested Gwynneth, seeing that something was expected of her.

"Not he. Why, he hasn't read one of Ouida's novels, and stared like a simpleton when I asked him if he didn't think 'Lady Sabina,' St. Orville's last sensational romance, delightful. I tried the sentimental move, and brought out my album, insisting that he should write in it; but he said he could not recollect any poetry, except a few hymns taught him by his mother."

The sisters laughed over this, and ridiculed their visitor's simplicity, till Gwynneth was exasperated into turning her back on them, and pulling the bed clothes over her head.

When she did meet the contemned Bernard Wilmur, her pity for him, as the victim of a couple of scheming girls, made her treat him with a greater degree of consideration than he, as a stranger, might otherwise have won from the reserved Gwynneth.

He did not presume upon it, but continued to be as silent as Marie and her sister had described him. They talked to their guest, as well as at him: they smiled their sweetest, they made him hold skeins of silk, turn over their music; they contrived that he should escort them in their walks, loaded with their shawls and sunshades, and introduced him to their young lady friends with such significant glances, and tittering and whispering, that the modest Gwynneth blushed for them, and marvelled at his apparent unconsciousness of their manœuvres.

On two or three occasions she could scarcely conceal her disgust, and once when the sisters so forgot themselves and quarrelled over their victim, she was so ashamed of the scene that she slipped her hand into Bernard Wilmur's arm, and led him out of hearing.

Her own embarrassment made her thankful that he was as silent, as indifferent as usual, and she was congratulating herself upon his stolidity when he stooped and gathered for her a bunch of flowering grasses from beneath the hedge skirting the tennis ground.

She had seen none of this peculiar species since she left Wales, and her exclamation of pleasure, her regret that she did not remember the name of it, led to the discovery that the young man was an excellent botanist, and able to transmit the information he had at his fingers' ends in such comprehensive, if brief terms, that Gwynneth was as much pleased as surprised.

After this he frequently brought her rare leaves and plants, strange lichens and mosses. "Just the odd sort of things," Lisette remarked, saucily, "to gratify such a queer little body as the Welsh cousin." But his gifts were mutely set before her, and her thanks appeared unheard.

"So dull a man was never known," Asra crossly protested; and the difficulty of inducing him to propose either to her or her sister appeared insurmountable.

They had just decided that it would have to be left to their brother—that Alfred must demand his intentions in terms too plain to be misunderstood—when the said Alfred startled all his family by bursting in upon them in a towering rage.

Bernard Wilmur had withdrawn his uncle's legacy from the bank in which Mrs. Denton's son was a clerk, to sink it in some new invention, some ridiculous patent that would never be heard of.

"A rogue of an inventor got hold of him and swindled him out of every farthing of his money! And I did not find out what he was doing till too late! I have told him he is a fool and an idiot, and that he will live to repent it; but all I got for my pains was one of his sleepy 'Do you think so?'"

"Then his acquaintance has not been worth cultivating?" cried Mrs. Denton; "and such nice little suppers as we gave him too!"

"It's all Alfred's fault," added Marie; "he should not have brought such a stupid fellow here. I declare he hasn't a bit of discrimination."

"And we shall be the laughing-stock of everyone who knows us!" added Asra, with a sob. "People are so spiteful—especially girls!"

Then Alfred angrily defended himself, and such a war of words followed that Gwynneth fled from it, and was seen no more till evening, by which time Lisette had evoked a fresh alarm by peeping through her keyhole and announcing that the Welsh cousin was packing up.

"Yes, I must ask you to excuse my leaving you so suddenly," said Gwynneth, when Alfred and his sisters all began questioning her at once. "I have agreed to spend a few weeks with some old friends of my uncle at Dolgelly, and they expect me to-morrow."

"But surely I ought to be consulted on your arrangements?" Alfred exclaimed, attempting to take her hand. "You are treating me very badly."

"I have given you no reason to say this," she answered, with quiet firmness. "I have told you repeatedly that I cannot think your thoughts or share your tastes."

"But you would soon learn to do so," she was assured. "It is a wife's duty to please her husband, and you know you have strong idea of duty, my dearest Gwyn. You cannot be so unkind, so inconsiderate as to inflict another disappointment on me! First Wilmur—then you! No, no! You must send an excuse to your friends, and stay with us—with me!"

But Gwynneth was not to be persuaded; her would-be lover expostulated, entreated, grew angry, and uttered the most furious reproaches, but to no purpose. His sisters spitefully accused her of not knowing her own mind, and having some other string to her bow; while Mrs. Denton wept, and called her a most ungrateful girl, but carefully eschewing the fact that

she had borrowed so many small sums from her young guest on various pretences, that of the fifty pounds her purse had contained on her arrival at Bristol, there was barely enough left to carry her back to Wales.

Gwynneth would fain have left the Dentons on friendly terms, for she had a warm heart, and blamed herself more than them for her inability to love Alfred and feel at home with his relatives. But not one of them would wish her a civil good-bye, except the saucy Lisette, who rushed into the hall to give her a parting kiss and a hug.

"You've always been kind and patient with me, and never snubbed me as Marie and Asra do. When you have a house of your own, let me know, and I'll come and live with you."

And this was the last Gwynneth heard or saw of the Dentons till, some weeks after her departure, she received bride-cake and wedding-cards from Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Denton, and smiled to think how quickly her disappointed suitor had consoled himself.

The quietly-refined household of her uncle's friends, a Mr. and Mrs. Loveridge, was delightful after the noisy, shiftless home she had just quitted; and Gwynneth thankfully agreed to Mrs. Loveridge's proposal, that she should winter with them at Bournemouth.

The Dentons had never discovered what a lively companion she could be, how well informed, how intelligent; but here she was appreciated, and by no one more than the widow of a baronet who resided at Boscombe, and eagerly renewed an acquaintance made with Gwynneth and the Loveridge's during a summer spent by her amongst the Welsh mountains.

Lady Somerby was a higly educated woman, well known in scientific circles, and in her drawing-room Gwynneth met many of the greatest thinkers of the day.

She was also promised a rare treat when her ladyship's nephew came down to deliver a lecture on "The Spectroscope" to a newly-formed society in the neighborhood.

The hall was crowded, and Lady Somerby's party so late, that they had to be content with chairs in a corner, where they could not get a glimpse of the platform.

Fortunately, they could hear, as the sonorous voice of the lecturer penetrated even to that remote nook; and Gwynneth listened with the profoundest attention, for this was no prolix speaker, who wearied his auditors with his dry, tedious sentences, but a man who handled his subject eloquently and well.

Everyone was sorry when he ceased speaking, and as soon as the crowd had dispersed, he made his way to where his aunt, leaning on Gwynneth's arm, awaited him.

"Mr. Wilmur! Is it possible? Have you come here from Bristol?"

He shook his head.

"I quitted that city for London an hour after I heard that you had left the Dentons."

Gwynneth would have liked to ask why, and whether his money had been hopelessly lost as Alfred predicted.

He had not the appearance of a man suffering under reverses, and Lady Somerby told her afterwards that the invention he, with his capital, had brought before the public, was an immense success.

His face had ceased to have the stolid aspect it used to wear, and he chatted gaily with her ladyship till he had put her into her carriage, and been ordered to come and breakfast with her on the morrow.

He found Gwynneth in the garden cutting roses for the vases.

She greeted him with a blush and a touch of the old reserve, for the change from the Bernard Wilmur of earlier days to this self-possessed smiling gentleman of brilliant abilities, perplexed her. Why had he played so strange a part in Bristol?

"You do not seem over pleased to see me, Miss Owen," he observed. "I hope I advanced no theories in my lecture last night of which you disapproved?"

"Certainly not; but I do not recognize my cousin Alfred's friend in the lecturer."

"I never claimed that title," he gravely responded. "Ours was the mere casual acquaintance, that is dropped as soon as it becomes a tax on either side."

"And yet you came to his house, Mr. Wilmur."

"To see you, Miss Owen," was the startling rely. "Only you."

"Impossible! We were strangers! We had never met till then!"

"True, but Lady Somerby had shown me your photograph; had told me how tenderly and patiently, week after week, month after month, you watched over and waited on your uncle."

"He was such a good old man!" faltered the confused Gwynneth.

"And he was blessed with a niece whose praises I heard on my aunt's lips, till I was seized with a great desire to see her."

"But," cried Gwynneth, still dissatisfied and refusing to accept the flattering conclusions his words hinted—"but you came to the Dentons on something very like false pretences. Was that honorable?"

"Pardon; the part acted was, in a great measure, forced upon me. I never sought Mr. Denton's intimacy; how could I, when his motives were so patent? I should have declined invitations I was inclined to regard as impertinent, if he had not told him, that he was on the point of marriage with his cousin. I will confess that I was anxious to learn for myself if it were true. Do you blame me for this?"

"I decline to be questioned," said Gwynneth, bending over her roses, and trying to turn the matter into a jest. "Like you, I shall put on the mask of silence; though I doubt whether I could wear it as well."

"All stratagems are fair in love and war," she was reminded; "but my aunt is calling us to breakfast. Am I to go indoors unforgiven or will you give me a hope that you will treat me as kindly in my present character, as when you used to pity me for a stupid blockhead and come to my aid?"

But Gwynneth was too much fluttered to make a reply at all, and sat at the breakfast with downcast face, asking herself if it could be true that she had inspired so deep a feeling as Bernard Wilmur's tones and admissions betrayed?

It was her turn to be silent, and it was quite mechanically that she accepted a plate offered to her by her vis-a-vis, and slowly swallowed morsels of its contents, till she heard Lady Somerby laugh, and ask what this meant.

"Miss Owen accepts bread and salt at my hands!" her nephew exclaimed. "Rejoice with me, for I can see my wish is granted; we are friends."

And so they were. Nay, more, in a very short time they were acknowledged lovers.

DISCLOSURES OF ROGUERY.

A curious comedy of discomfiture has recently been reported from Paris. The keeper of a restaurant bought a leg of mutton in the ordinary way of business of a salesman in the central market. Some hours after he was waited upon by the dealer, who, strangely enough, wanted to repurchase the joint. The only reason he could offer for the whim was that another customer who had previously seen the leg of mutton insisted on having it and was too important to be refused.

But the restaurant keeper did not believe in this explanation and he declined to agree. The dealer offered a profit on the transaction, and increased his bids in the face of the other's obstinacy until the price of twenty pounds was named. It had no effect. The purchaser was now bent on getting to the bottom of a highly mysterious affair.

When the joint passed under the carver's hand the murder was out. The credit which the meat salesman had frantically sought to save was shattered. An iron weight of two pounds had been neatly inserted in the mutton to nefariously load the scales. Of course it would have been withdrawn when the buyer's back was turned but for an accidental forgetfulness.

While many roguories, it is to be feared, permanently escape detection, it sometimes happens that the nefarious deed is casually brought to light. Some years ago there were a long series of most puzzling book thefts from the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg. Every precaution was taken that ingenuity could suggest, and plots were laid to capture the depredator. But none of these was successful and the losses continued.

One day a leading member of the staff, whom his coadjutors would scarcely have dared to suspect, much less interrogate on vague surmise, was putting on his overcoat preparatory to leaving the building. The porter came to his help, and as he assisted, it occurred to the man that the back before him was singularly straight and stiff.

He touched it and it was hard. On this the porter had a fit of audacity, which, if he had been wrong in his guess, might have cost him his place. He dexterously slipped his hand beneath the overcoat of his superior, and with a sharp tug out came a magnificently bound volume. The thief was caught at last. At his house nearly all the books surreptitiously removed, with a number of valuable stolen manuscripts, were found hoarded away.

A work describing the Tinnevelly Missions gives an amusing account of an elephant acting as detective. An attendant was in charge of a trained elephant, which was used to draw in timber for the erection of buildings at the station.

This man was suspected of stealing grain, but nothing could be positively proved against him, and he strenuously rebutted every accusation. But on one occasion his employer's wife felt sure that the rice given out for the elephant's food was deficient in quantity, and she charged the keeper with theft.

He was loud and emphatic in his disclaimers. But he incautiously stood too near his intelligent beast of burden. Suddenly the elephant extended his trunk, and before the man was aware his baggy waist cloth was unfastened and a shower of rice fell to the ground. In the very middle of his protestations of innocence he was fatally incriminated.

Trivial artifices have led to the self-exposure of rogues. The native troops of British India are in many respects loyal and meritorious soldiers. But it happens now and then that there is a black sheep amongst them.

On one occasion complaint was brought to the officer in command of the Fourteenth Bengal Infantry of a robbery in barracks. There was no clue to the miscreant, and those who approached the colonel on the subject had little hope of detecting him. But the colonel was a man of resource.

On parade next day he went slowly down the line and gave each man a thin bit of bamboo. All wondered what it meant, and the deepest silence prevailed as the commander began to speak. "My men, there is a thief among you," he said, "and Brahma has revealed to me how I am to detect him. Come forward one by one, and hand in your bamboo chips. The guilty man, no matter what he may do, will have the longest."

In a few minutes, as the men filed by, the colonel stopped one and charged him with the theft. The fellow was terribly frightened and then and there confessed. When the curious episode was over, the other officers of the corps were eager to learn the secret of the plan which before their eyes had proved so successful.

The colonel explained that his ruse was simplicity itself. The strips of bamboo had originally all been of the same length but the depredator, feeling himself much more endangered than he really was after the address on the barrack ground, bit off the end of his chip. He had the shortest piece, and the fact defeated whatever hopes of escape he harbored.

DINING CARS.—Dining cars are generally run at a loss and are attached to trains simply as a matter of attraction. A steward, four cooks and five waiters are attached to each car. The food costs from $1000 to $1500 a month. It costs from $10,000 to $23,000 a year to run one of these cars, exclusive of the wear and tear on the property and incidentals.

In some places, and particularly in the South, sleepers are also run at a loss. A sleeping car leaving New York for Chicago is supplied with 120 sheets, 120 pillow slips and 120 towels. The washing is done in different cities, and is given out in great quantities at the low rate of $1 per 100 pieces. An equipment of linen, which lasts a year, is purchased in amounts of $50,000 worth at a time.

One company, for 700 cars, uses every thirty days, 2400 dozen cakes of toilet soap, 1200 dozen boxes of matches, 35 dozen hair brushes, 50 dozen whisks, 60 dozen combs, and a vast number of sponges and leather dusters. Porters receive from $30 to $50 a month.

POODLES do not take the place of children in Mexico. The native love for babies is great. It is the children's paradise. Children are loved and petted in public to an extent that makes one used to the stolid ways of his own country people open his eyes in astonishment and pleasure. There is no affectation in the matter. A little child is the pet of the people. A baby is everyone's admiration, and here you may see fathers out walking with their children for the pleasure of the children's company.

MRS. NEWLYWED—"I was nervous yesterday because you were out in that terrible thunder storm."

Mr. Newlywed—"But, my dear, you know I have an iron constitution."

Mrs. Newlywed—"That's what made me nervous. I was afraid you might be struck by lightning."

Scientific and Useful.

LEATHER.—Experiments were recently made to determine which portion of a hide of leather gave the best results when made into belting. Four strips, each 18 inches long and two inches wide were cut and carefully tested in a machine. One piece from the centre of the hide broke at a strain of 2400 pounds, equal to 14,940 pounds per foot of width, while the strip from the upper parted at 1180 pounds.

LIGHTNING.—A noted German authority, contributes an interesting article on the treatment of persons apparently killed by lightning. He says that lightning comes in the form of a main bolt and several branches, and that if a person is struck by one of the branches he will recover if the method of artificial respiration, as applied to the apparently drowned, shall be adopted within a quarter of an hour after being struck.

SOLID MUCILAGE.—Mucilage, in convenient solid form, and which will readily dissolve in water, for fastening papers together, may be made as follows. Boil one pound of the best white glue, and strain very clear; boil also four ounces of isinglass, and mix the two together; place them in a water bath—glue kettle—with half a pound of white sugar and evaporate till the liquid is quite thick, when it is to be poured into moulds, dried, and cut into pieces of convenient size.

"WINKERS."—One of the employments of electricity just now is to make "winkers" to hang from high places. They are incandescent lights, hoisted on a flag-pole or run out from a window, and the current is interrupted and turned on again by clockwork mechanism. A man sees the light, then he notices that it is gone. While wondering what has become of it, it reappears. This is supposed to rouse his interest to such an extent that he will ask somebody what it is for, and the man who displays the light will then get an advertisement—if he has luck.

Farm and Garden.

SHEEP BELLS.—By putting bells upon the sheep much annoyance from dogs may be avoided. Have a bell to every fifth or sixth animal, and when they run there will be so much noise that the dogs will think best to retreat.

GOOD STOCK.—A farmer who does not believe in thoroughbred stock should be consistent, and refuse to accept improved machinery, tile drainage, the silo, the separator and creamery, and all the other things which have aided in making agriculture a better occupation than it was.

THIN COWS.—Dry cows do not require very rich food, and may be made to consume the coarse provender, such as straw and corn fodder, but they should receive an allowance of grain also. While it is best to have them in good condition they should not be made fat, as they may be liable to milk fever at time of calving.

PROGRESS.—The economists who in the early part of this century feared a growth of population which could only be checked by war, pestilence and famine, took no cognizance of agricultural chemistry. Apparently no limit can be placed to the product that may be put at the disposal of man, providing he keeps pace with the methods of science.

DRAIN TILE.—This is the time of year to lay down the drain tile. A single tile across a wet field may add 50 per cent. value to the land. The proper way to tile the land is to have it surveyed, so as to be sure of the level of the soil, and use the tile wherever draining is necessary. The spring will find the tiled land dry when other portions of the farm are too wet to plow.

THE FARM HAND.—You can secure the best wages, create a demand for your services, and be as contented as with any other occupation, by simply following this rule—make yourself indispensable to your employer. Every farm laborer should aim to so understand his duties as to create an interest in the success of the farm, and to make it so that the employer feels that he cannot do without him.

HATCHING.—The latest device in incubators is one that hatches out chickens by the aid of electricity. The nest or basket is filled with fine hay, upon which the eggs are laid. The cover is a thick layer of soft down, attached to a round box containing coils of wire. These are heated by an electric current, the temperature of which is regulated by a thermometer placed on the cover. When the heat becomes too great the rise of the thermometer cuts the coils out of circuit, and allows them to cool. All the attention required is to sprinkle and turn the eggs each day.

ONE COLD AFTER ANOTHER will, with many constitutions, securely establish the seeds of Consumption in the system. If you are in need of a remedy for any Lung Trouble, or Throat Disease, you will find Dr. Jayne's Expectorant always prompt and efficacious.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

On Being Agreeable.

That word "agreeable" may be misunderstood unless it is defined, for it has a very loose fit. It might be taken as meaning complaisant and squeezable. There are those who try to be agreeable by agreeing with everybody they meet; but the end of such persons is sad—they wade deeper and deeper into a weltering sea of compliance, contradiction and deceit until they are lost.

Although they may agree with everybody, other people differ, and so they end by differing from everybody as well as agreeing with them and by differing from themselves too.

No, we do not mean that to be agreeable must signify to agree; we mean rather to point out how needful it is for us to take the trouble to ease the little frictions that occur whenever we are thrown into close contact with other individualities, how advisable it is that the hinges of intercourse should be oiled by thoughtful little concessions, by avoiding that which would make others uncomfortable, by bending to give that which would make others happy.

It is the inflexible rigidity of character that shoulders its way through the world, caring for nobody that we wish to trim and lubricate.

It cannot be too often repeated that human happiness is chiefly made up from little things, and the burden of life is only an accumulation of worries each in itself contemptible.

We can appropriate the painter's epigram that "trifles make perfection, but perfection itself is no trifle," and we may deflect its meaning from "perfection" to "care."

The art of being agreeable is the art of hoeing out small weeds of worry which might choke the spirit hereafter when they grow to be many and strong.

How many loving husbands there are who never trouble to speak the loving word that would brighten other lives! How many masters never give the recognition which good work deserves! How many people who are sturdily worthy neglect to plane down their gruffness and ruggedness!

Agreeableness is wanted for that smooth running which prevents wear and tear. According to doctors, much more harm comes in the aggregate from the little jolts and jars of the uncushioned bicycle than from all the sudden somersaults; and the man who travels long in railway-trains suffers as much and as surely, if not as acutely, as the one who participates in a few mild smashes, for the incessant rumbling vibration slowly slacks the delicate nerve-fibres.

It is the same with the jars and frets of every-day life, unless they can be eased by thoughtfulness and agreeableness.

We do not argue in favor of an enforced uniformity of behavior, for behavior must go with character, and it is as much the duty of amiable people to excuse ruggedness of style as it is the duty of ruggedness to try to unbend and suit itself to delicate surroundings.

We cannot gain agreeableness by casting all characters in one mould. Individualities will express themselves, and they will clash with one another; but there is no need for the most sincere and enthusiastic of men to force his opinions on others at the point of the bayonet.

Not unfrequently the best of friends are strongly antagonistic at many points, and yet find intercourse agreeable. They know that they must not expect each other to be clothed in the smooth plush of compliance.

To a certain extent, every man has a right to live his own life so as to please himself. If he is silent by nature, he may without churlishness go his way alone. Why should the reticent self-contained man who does not readily expand be expected to bow his way all along the street because bowing is the fashion with people who make up the average of mankind? It is not conformity to the conventions of men which makes us agreeable, but delicacy and consideration when brought into direct personal contact.

Even the sordid folk who test every question by the formula, "Does it pay?" may be safely advised to invest in a happy agreeableness. The tradesman has found that out long ago, while the electioneering candidate regards it as his mainsail.

The pleasant-spoken man, fair in tone and willing to conciliate, wins his way against those of greater strength of character but less suavity and kindness.

But the very mention of putting agreeableness to any distinct and determined use is a lowering of the subject below its proper level, for the only true basis for the feeling is that spontaneous care for humanity from which all our best impulses spring. Why should we put a check upon our tongue and change the impatient "Get away" to a smile when our thoughts are crossed in the streets by the persistence of the newspaper-lad or the flower-girl? Why should we trouble ourselves, as we draw near home, to think of the carefulness that has prepared for and awaited our coming, and in return resolve to wash worries from the mind in the bath of domestic restfulness and peace? Why should we bear with crabbedness and narrowness and struggle to maintain an invulnerable cheerfulness? Well, our day is not a long one the best, and he most truly vanquishes the enemy who keep the smile on his countenance.

A CARPING spirit rarely goes with a working spirit. It is easier to find fault with what some one else does than it is to do something oneself; hence a man who enjoys doing the easier thing is disinclined to do the harder one. As a rule, men are divided into the two classes of those who growl and those who work; and each class is alike devoted to his own mission. But, when it comes to the relative worth in the community of the two classes, everybody can see the difference.

THE mistakes we make in judging character are legion, for we have so little foundation to build upon. It is folly to judge the whole of anything by one of its parts; yet what we see of any one man is but a fragment of his whole life. Yet, even if we never once lost sight of him and beheld every action he committed, we should not see his inner life, his thoughts and feelings, his desires and motives, his temptations and secret battles.

IT is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally divided among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division.

No good work was ever begun that obstacles and hindrances did not speedily present themselves; and the better the work the more and greater do the difficulties often seem to be. It is these that try men's courage; and it is in face of them that one begins to appreciate how grand an element hope is in a noble life.

THE noblest part of a friend is an honest boldness in pointing out our errors. He that tells me of a fault, aiming at my good, I must think him wise and faithful—wise in spying that which I see not; faithful in a plain admonishment, not tainted with flattery.

WHEN soured by disappointment, we must endeavor to pursue some fixed and pleasing course of study, that there may be no blank leaf in our book of life. Painful and disagreeable ideas vanish from the mind that can fix its attention upon any subject.

TASKS children must learn, duties they must be taught; but those who know how to interest the developing mind and to feed it wisely and well with the elements of knowledge can make education one of childhood's desirable pleasures.

LET no man cry for leisure in order to do anything. Let him rather pray that he may ever be useful. If he really wishes to do any good thing, he will always find time for it by properly arranging his other employments.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

ELSIE B.—Cayenne pepper is prepared from the pods of the chili or bird pepper.

C.—Yes, under certain conditions. Give us your name and address and we will give you terms.

FRED.—Florin is the name of a gold coin first struck in Florence, in the thirteenth century. It was the size of a ducat, and had on one side the head of John the Baptist, and on the other a lily. Some derive the name from the city, others from the flower.

SARAH J.—1. If the gentleman calling upon you has proved acceptable company, it would not be amiss to invite him to call again. Be very careful, however, in making acquaintances of either sex, to ascertain whether they are suitable persons to admit into your family circle. 2. It is considered proper for the lady introduced to simply bow her acknowledgment of the compliment expressed in the words referred to.

CARRIE.—A chilblain is an inflammatory swelling of a purple or lead color, produced by the action of cold. The common cause is holding the feet or hands to the fire after exposure to cold. The sudden change of temperature partially destroys the vitality, and prevents the proper flow of blood through the part. Chilblain is in reality only another name for a languid circulation in the part affected. Many receipts are published for the cure of this annoying and painful trouble, among which petroleum is highly recommended.

T. N.—Cannot say why the miles of different countries so greatly differ. The German short mile is equal to 5.9 English miles, and the Geman long mile is 5.75 English miles, while the regular Prussian mile is equivalent to 4.7 English miles. This is very absurd, cumbersome and annoying even to the Germans, but is so inwoven with metes, boundaries, and titles as to make a change to a simple standard like the Metric System almost impossible. We are not likely to have uniform weights, measures, and distance marks any sooner than a common language.

POST.—You state that the loss of confidence in yourself has happened within the last two years, prior to which time you were blessed with a superabundance of courage. This feeling is doubtless due to a loss of nervous energy, the only remedy for which is a regular course of treatment under the guidance of an experienced physician. That your nervous system in former years has been worked to its fullest is painfully visible. In such a morbid state of mind as you describe, the patient should shun all associations which tend to depress the already weakened senses, and endeavor to think of that which is cheerful and beautiful.

A YOUTH.—Shakespere's "Measure for Measure" is in blank verse—decasyllabic, or of ten syllables, and without rhymes—so that the verse flows on into an heroic measure, differing in sublimity of thought and in loftiness of expression from common language, and different also in flowing rhythm and metre, or measure. But, as it does not rhyme, it does not show any artificiality, which all rhyme must evince. Even in the most simple and artless rhyme, such as that of Cowper, there is a degree of artificiality which would render such a mode of conversation on the stage utterly improper and improbable. Hence the rhymed tragedies of Dryden, and of Corneille and Racine with the French, tire us all, and are felt to be at once inflated and unnatural.

L. R.—The principal substance of which gloves are made at the present day are dog-skin, buck, doe and lamb-skin, kid, and various other kinds of leather, besides silk, cotton and admixtures of the same. Particular kinds of gloves are known more from the name of the place at which they are manufactured than by the substances of which they are composed, as Berlin, Woodstock, Limerick, &c. Kid gloves are most in demand, although it is scarcely necessary to state that the term kid is a mere technicality, as the quantity of leather bearing this name that is annually consumed far exceeds what could be supplied from the skins of all the young goats that are slaughtered. The skins of lambs and rats go to make up this deficiency. The process of glove-making has been much simplified since the introduction of machinery.

TIM.—The etymology of the word Whig is doubtful; probably derived from the Scottish whig, or the Anglo-Saxon whieg, whey, a mixed drink, composed of water and sour milk, which the Scots Covenanters drank; or from the initials letters of the motto, "We hope in God!" assumed by a political party in Scotland, in 1648, opposed to the court faction. It was the designation of a well-known political clique in England, first assumed by the party who brought about the Revolution of 1688, and the establishment of William III. upon the throne. In America, a Whig was an upholder of American liberties during the Revolutionary War, as opposed to the Royalists or Tories. It was also a name assumed by a political party which flourished from 1829 to 1853. The term Tory was originally given to an adherent to the ancient constitution of the English monarchy, and to the apostolical hierarchy. In a more modern sense it signified one who, in political basis and principles, always leans to Church and State, supports the regal, ecclesiastical and aristocratical institutions, as by law established, and is jealous of the extension of democratic power and of radical constitutional changes. The term is, to a certain extent, extinct, the party name now assumed being that of Conservatives as opposed to the Liberals.

A SUMMER LOVE.

BY J. CARRELL.

Love that is love no longer now,
Vanished, before you knew me!
Gone, and I know not where or how,
Leaving me cold and gloomy.

Why has your genial presence fled?
Passed like a day dream o'er me?
Why do I linger here unwed
With half my life before me?

Love that is love no longer now,
Whither and wherefore went you?
Think of the joy that lit my brow
When first the angels sent you!

Think of the days you grew and grew
Sweeter and some said stronger!—
Summer will come, but where are you,
Love that is love no longer?

John Hilton's Secret.

BY C. M. B.

HAD he a secret in his life, one that preyed upon him, causing that worn look, the quiet, calm face drawing deep lines on the broad thoughtful brow? Many people who liked and esteemed John Hilton, asked themselves that question. There was something in his self-contained manner, his utter indifference to all which the world most values, that gave the impression. He worked hard; no lawyer in London toiled more; yet he seemed and was indifferent to the money he made.

At times there came into his dark eyes a shadow, a vague look, as though his thoughts were far away from the dingy office, where the greater part of his life was spent.

Practical, shrewd, sensible, devoted to business, keen-sighted in the interests of his clients, what could there be in the life of John Hilton that made him different from other men?

It is the close of a dark day in February, the little sunshine that brightened the crowded London streets has long disappeared—a murky yellow fog prevails—John Hilton still lingers in his office, writing busily by the light of the gas.

It is a face of quiet power that bends over the parchments, not handsome; the features are not regular, but it is the face of a man one may trust unto death. Life, honor, fame—all are safe in his hands; there is truth in the clear eyes and in the play of the lips.

He had no great charm of expression; yet as one gazes upon him, the idea that there is a story hidden under the quiet exterior is almost irresistible. It is the kind of face that when, seen in a picture, causes one to wonder what the life of such a man was like, what were its hidden sorrows and hidden joys.

Rapidly enough the pen travels over dreary sheets of parchment, and the quiet figure at the desk never seem to stir. Suddenly, through the thick yellow fog, is heard the blooming of the church clock. It strikes seven, and then John Hilton throws down his pen and rests.

"That will do," he says to himself. "Now I can take a holiday to-morrow with a clear conscience, for to-morrow's work is done. I wonder," he continued with a bitter smile, "if many holidays are as pleasant as mine promises to be."

Half-impatiently he pushed aside the parchments, and turning to a table covered with ominous-looking deeds and red tape, he unlocked a little drawer in it. A heavy sigh escaped John Hilton's lips as he did so. He turned over dusty papers and old memorandums, until he saw the object of his search.

It was a little picture, the portrait of a young and lovely girl; two or three notes were carefully preserved with it, and opening one long slip of silver paper, John Hilton gazed upon a curl of soft golden hair.

He laid his treasures down upon the table, and then turned to look the door of his office lest any one entering unawares should detect him with his secret laid bare. He drew a chair to the table and sat down to contemplate the pictured face that smiled upon him.

"It is for the last time," he said, as though making excuses for himself; "for the last time. I shall never look upon the pictured face again, and the real one will smile no more on me."

The man's whole face altered as he gazed upon the portrait, a soft, half tender light came into it, the expression was one of utter and entire devotion; few would have recognized the stern lawyer, John Hilton, in the man who sat absorbed in his dream.

It was the face of singular beauty upon which he gazed so tenderly. Its chief charm was the brightness and radiance that seemed to emanate from every feature. It was a sunny, smiling beauty; the dark blue eyes laughed as they met your own; the rich red lips were parted with the sweetest of smiles. The arch radiant face like a sunbeam in the lawyer's gloomy office, it drew all the light and brightness to itself.

Long enough did John Hilton gaze upon that portrait, until something dimmed his eyes, and blotted it from his sight. Then he took the curl of golden hair, and twisted it upon his finger. One might have fancied that it smiled also, it looked so bright and shining as he stroked the soft silken threads. Once, and for half a moment, he pressed his lips upon it, murmuring as he did so the same excuses, "It is for the last time."

Then he took both picture and lock of hair, and laid them in a sheet of paper. He wrapped them carefully in many folds, and secured them with wax and string. In his clear, bold hand, he wrote, "To be buried with me when I die." Then he took the little packet, and locked it away in the drawer.

"The dream of a life, the hope and love, the strength and stay, the wish and desire of a strong man's heart lie there, with the face that will never more be seen," he said to himself; he then turned resolutely away.

It was the face of his beautiful ward, Hilda Fearing, that John Hilton hid away from his sight,—his ward, Hilda Fearing, whom he had loved all his life, and who was to marry Paul Graham on the morrow.

It was to attend her marriage that he had compressed the work of two days in one, meaning to cheer and gladden her with his presence, to give her kind words,—for he stood to her in the place of all other friends,—and then to return to the life which would lose all its charm when she, for whom he lived, had married another.

Few men were more solitary than John Hilton; few had met with more misfortunes or reverses. When he lay a smiling infant in his cradle, tended by the most loving of mothers, no lot seemed brighter than his. His parents would have laughed incredulously had any one prophesied then that their son would have to work hard for his living, spending the best part of his life in a gloomy office, where the sun could rarely penetrate.

It did not seem probable; for John Hilton's father, Stephen Hilton, had made money, and intended leaving it all to his son. He died when that same beloved son was only four years old.

He left him ten thousand pounds, and made, as he thought, every provision for the security of his child. To his wife he bequeathed an annuity of two hundred pounds, with some interest in her son's fortune. He left his wife, and his dearest friend Humphrey Seaton, as sole guardians of his boy. All power over his money and himself was in their hands, until the child became of age.

When Stephen Hilton knew the time had come for him to die, not one anxious thought as to his child's future ever crossed his mind. His wife's income was derived from money which had formed her marriage portion, and which, thanks to good investments and large interest, had wonderfully increased. It formed no part of the fortune he had worked so hard to win for his son's sake.

It was in the large and populous city of Dantrey, in the north of England, that Stephen Hilton resided; and there, for some years after his death, the widow and her only son continued to dwell.

No friend ever trusted another more entirely than Stephen Hilton trusted Humphrey Seaton. In his hands he left the safe investment of his boy's fortune; and for some years his secret was most faithfully fulfilled. Mrs. Hilton found the truest and most devoted friend in her co-executor.

All might have continued well unto the end, but that, when John had attained his seventeenth year and had made a name for himself, still remembered with respect and esteem at Oxford, his mother died. Then his guardian, Humphrey Seaton, asked him to make his home at his house, and he gladly consented.

Once or twice it struck John Hilton, even then, that his guardian must be a rich man. There was no mistress for the large and extravagant household; all seemed waste and confusion. Mrs. Seaton died when her little daughter, Hilda, was born; and she had no successors in the heart and home of Humphrey Seaton.

John Hilton never forgot the day of his introduction to his guardian's home. There was the warmest welcome, the most profuse hospitality; but what struck him above us all, was a beautiful golden-haired child who crept silently to his side, and laid her little hands in his.

"Are you going to be your brother?" she said. "I am so glad, for I am a very lonely child. Papa never has time to speak to me, and the servants are always too busy."

John was just seventeen then, and little Hilda was but seven. Yet at those few simple words, there arose in his heart a yearning to take the child in his arms, and make up to her for all the love she wanted and missed so keenly.

"I will be your brother, Hilda," he said, gently; "if you will love me very much."

She raised her pretty face to his and held up her little red lips for a kiss to seal the compact.

From that moment, child as she was, John Hilton loved her with a devotion wonderful to witness. He loved her so until the day of his death; no other face ever charmed him, no other woman's voice ever made music for him.

The golden-haired child grew into a beautiful, brilliant girl, and then became a gifted and lovely woman. John Hilton's love grew with her, it never changed or wavered from that day when she held up her sweet childish face for him to kiss.

Several times during that month's sojourn under his guardian's roof did John Hilton wonder at his manner of living. Once even he ventured half jestingly to congratulate him upon his evident prosperity. He did not notice how the merchant's face grew pale and his lips quivered, while he muttered something about "speculations" and "successful investments."

The source of his wealth was however too soon explained. When John attained his eighteenth year, he thought it was time that he should know something of his own affairs, how his money was invested, and several other particulars, which as yet his guardian had not favored him with. Mr. Seaton listened to the request of his young ward with a smile.

"It was right and natural," she said, "that John should wish to know something of his own affairs. In three weeks from that time he would have all the accounts made out, so that he could understand them at a glance."

Perfectly satisfied with this, John Hilton, in utter unconsciousness of the coming storm, waited for the time appointed. The evening before he was to meet his guardian and the solicitor, he went with little Hilda for a ramble in the woods. He could not, even to himself, explain the singular charm the child had for him, or the strange love he felt for her.

"Shall you always love me, John?" she asked him this evening. "Will anything ever make you grow tired of me?"

He took this fragile little figure in his arms, bending over the sweet childish face gazing so anxiously into his own,

There and then John Hilton promised that while he lived he would love Hilda, and that nothing should ever make him care less for her,—a promise that in after years he nobly kept.

* * * * * *

It was at the close of a bright Spring evening that John Hilton, after his ramble was over, reached his guardian's house. Hilda had both hands filled with wild flowers. In answer to his inquiries he was told that Mr. Seaton had left orders for dinner to be served at any hour Mr. Hilton liked, as he was unavoidably absent on pressing business. John and Hilda dined together, and the young man spent the evening in preparing the route he intended taking for the Continent, where he wished to pass the next two or three years.

The next morning when he descended to breakfast his guardian was still absent, but by his place there lay a letter, in what he knew to be Mr. Seaton's handwriting. Hastily opening it he read the following words:—

"I have wronged you so cruelly, John Hilton, that I dare not ask your forbearance. Your father trusted me, and I have basely betrayed his trust. You have called me your guardian—I have been your worst enemy. There is no excuse for what I have done; let me tell it to you in a few brief words.

"So long as ten years ago I began to appropriate your money for my own use, always (believe me) intending to replace it. My speculations were unsuccessful; year after year found me more deeply involved. I have hoped against hope. I have striven, as surely man never strove before, to retrieve my affairs—all in vain. Worse than ruin, disgrace awaits me. Your money is all gone, John, the true money of my dead friend. My own has gone with it. I, whom men have considered as wealthy am poorer than the poorest beggar; with the few pounds I could muster, I am going to America. Pursue me, and bring me to justice, if you will; I deserve it.

The most bitter grief rends my heart when I think of my child—my little loving Hilda; I dare not think of what is to become of her. I can only hope that she may find refuge in some of the charitable institutions in the town. Grant me one prayer, John Hilton. I have wronged you, robbed and betrayed you; do not let my child know of my sin; tell her I am dead. Let her name be changed, that she may never know the disgrace attached to mine. Let her be taught that I died when she was a child. Do with me as you will, but grant me that prayer for your dead father's sake."

For two long hours John Hilton sat with that letter in his hand. The blow seemed to have paralysed him. The ruin of all hopes, the destruction of long-cherished plans, the overthrow of every dream of his life, came vividly before him. He who considered himself as heir to a good fortune was now impoverished, and uncertain as to his future. True, there remained to him the two hundred per annum, his mother's fortune; what else he wanted he must work for.

Farewell to all his dreams of "elegant literary leisure"—to the pretty country home he had promised himself—to the long contemplated continental tour. His longing to gaze upon the world's great treasures of art and beauty could never be gratified; he must begin to work at once. He was but young; it was no great wonder that his face drooped sadly, and something like tears dimmed his eyes.

Suddenly a soft little hand clasped his own, and a clear little voice said, "Are you in trouble, brother John? You look just like papa when long letters come to tease him. Let me comfort you."

When the tender little arms were clasped round his neck, John Hilton felt that he was not quite alone in the world. He looked at the sweet childish face resting on his shoulder, and the fierce hot anger that had begun to burn in his heart against Humphrey Seaton half died away. What were his wrongs or his sorrows compared to those of the helpless child whom her father's sin and folly had thrown on a cold, hard world? He was young, strong, and full of energy; she, a delicate, fragile girl. The sweet little face bore no sign of robust health; she looked frail and fragile, as though one bitter breath of sorrow would utterly destroy her.

Clasping her there and then in his strong arms—even as he afterwards shielded her from every care—John Hilton, whom her father had wronged and ruined, made to himself a solemn vow that he would take the father's place to the child, that he would share with her what he had, keep from her all knowledge of her father's crime, care for her and love her as though she were his own sister.

He made silently that vow to himself, and during life he kept it more nobly than words can tell.

His first thought was to remove Hilda before her father's flight became known. There were no relations to consult, no friends to advise. He made some kind of explanation to the servants, and ordering all her little wardrobe to be packed, took her at once to a school near London, the mistress of which had been one of his mother's best friends. On the road there he told the child her father was dead. Her quiet grief, the look of patient resignation, the almost hopeless sorrow of her childish face touched him more than any words could have done. He told her he was her guardian, and should have the care of her, that he would love her and make her happy; but in the wistful look of her eyes he read how dear the thoughtless, reckless criminal father had been to his little daughter.

He gave her name as Hilda Fearing, true, even in its least detail, to the wishes of the man who had wronged him so deeply.

If the child ever wondered at the change in her name she made no remark about it. She was almost too young not to believe that change of circumstances had naturally brought about a different name. She was no longer Miss Seaton of Dantrey, but Miss Fearing of Highgate. She had no longer a father, but a guardian; the complete revolution in her fate seemed in a great measure to obliterate the past from her memory.

When John Hilton returned to Dantrey

he found the whole place in an uproar; the flight of the merchant, whom every one had trusted, had become known, and his house was besieged by angry creditors. As is generally the case, what little remained of the once large fortune of Humphrey Seaton was shared amongst the lawyers who undertook the settlement of the case. There was nothing for his creditors, and nothing for the ward he had so basely betrayed.

Great sympathy was felt and expressed for John Hilton; and the name of his guardian, once esteemed so highly, was covered with disgrace and infamy. Many of those he had duped and wronged tried to persuade John to have him pursued,—to take active measures for his capture. There were times when he felt strongly inclined to do so; but the remembrance of the child's face, when he had told her of her father's death, stayed him. If she felt death so keenly, how could she bear disgrace? "Nay," said John to himself, "she must suffer; but that little golden head shall never droop under the knowledge that she is the child of a felon."

He left Dantrey for London, resolving to adopt the law as a profession, and to work hard at it. His first step was to make a fair and equal division of his mother's fortune between Hilda and himself; one-half was invested in her name, the other half in his own. That done, John Hilton began to work with a will and vigor that surprised himself.

He was successful, as the earnest and persevering ever are. His name became known as a pains-taking lawyer, who honestly did his best for the interest of his clients. He made money, too, as his costly presents to his ward showed. He spent little on himself, but he lavished much upon Hilda.

The years he had spent in the exercise of his profession had been very happy ones to Hilda Fearing. She knew little of herself, except that her father had been one of John Hilton's dearest friends,—that she had been left in his charge, and he, her guardian, was her best-loved and dearest friend.

The one hundred per annum was paid quarterly for her benefit; and Hilda, in her simplicity, always thought and believed it had been left to her by her father, in the care and under the control of John Hilton. The past never troubled her,—she had forgotten it. A dim vision of a home she had once known, far distant from the pretty Highgate hills, came to her at times; but she was too happy in the present to care much about either the past or the future.

When Hilda's education was finished, John removed her from school. He found the happiest of homes for her under the care of a widow lady, Mrs. Lorton, whose husband had been one of his best clients. Mrs. Lorton had no children, and her heart warmed to this beautiful, graceful girl, who seemed to ask from her a mother's love.

Fain would John Hilton have taken the girl he loved so dearly to his own home as his wife. He loved her as few men love. Every thought, wish, and desire of his noble and generous heart was centred in her. If he had asked her that first year she left school to become his wife, she would have done so; but his scrupulous delicacy and generosity would not allow him to do so. He said to himself that it would not be fair to take advantage of her youth, inexperience, and grateful affection for himself; that he would wait at least two years, while she saw something of the world and of society. By waiting those two years John Hilton lost his treasure.

Hilda had grown into a beautiful and graceful girl; the delicacy that had so often made her guardian anxious, disappeared as she grew older. The happy simple life she led, the utter freedom from even the most trifling care, had great influence in forming her disposition and character. When she was nineteen and John twenty-nine, it would have been difficult to find a more lovely or brilliant girl. Her face was like sunshine; it was all brightness and radiance. Her smile was sweet, and her laughter had a musical ripple that worked like a charm upon those who heard it. Her bright beauty was not the only charm. She had the most gentle and sunny disposition; a gay, laughing manner, a temper of unruffled sweetness, and a warm, loving heart. No wonder John Hilton loved her so dearly. When she was only seventeen he had her portrait taken, and prized it far above all other treasures. He kept it in his dull gloomy office, looking at it sometimes to enjoy the sunshine of the face and the smile of the lips. He could not remember the time when he had not loved his ward Hilda Fearing better than anything on earth. His love grew upon him year by year; he worked for her, thought of her, cared for her with a deep devotion that was beyond expression.

Patiently he waited until the hopes of his life should be fulfilled, and the time should come when he might ask Hilda to be his wife.

She had been much admired and sought after; her beauty and grace had won for her many lovers; but John, who watched with jealous eyes, could not see that she cared for any. He did not feel quite so sure about the young artist, Paul Graham. He was handsome, after the fashion generally admired—a Grecian face, large dreamy eyes, and chestnut hair. He was clever and amiable, but no one ever thought he would be a successful man. He wanted steady perseverance and industry. Handsome, showy, somewhat superficial, ever trusting "that something would turn up," Paul could not be classed amongst the toilers of the earth. He loved Hilda, and never disguised the fact, but John could not tell if she cared for him. John understood law, but not love. He did not understand why Hilda never laughed when her name was mentioned, why she seemed to avoid him, and turn away her face when she heard him spoken of. He was blind to all this, and started full of hope, one Summer evening, to ask the young girl he had saved from all sorrow to be his wife.

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In all his after life John Hilton never forget that Summer evening when he went so full of hope and happiness to ask Hilda Fearing to be his wife. No fear of refusal crossed his mind. Did she not belong to him? Had she not for many long years been his sole delight and care? He had given her time to see the world, and he did not think she could have met with one whose love she would better appreciate than his own. In the tumult of his own happiness, he did not observe the strange flush on the bright face, or the half-shy, half-timid happiness that shone in the love-lit eyes. He found her alone in the sunny little parlor that looked into the flower garden. He could brook no longer delay. He clasped both her hands in his own.

"Hilda," he said, "for years I have been waiting to tell you my secret; I can keep it no longer. I love you more dearly than any words can tell, and want you to be my wife."

She looked at him with surprise; that the idea was quite new to her, he read in her innocent, wondering eyes.

"Your wife!" she repeated. "Oh John, I did not know you loved me in that way; and—I am engaged to Paul Graham. He asked me to marry him this morning, and I said I would."

"Do you love him?" asked John Hilton, gravely and gently.

"Love him?" she cried, regardless of the wound her words inflicted upon his noble, generous heart: "love him? Yes, John; how can I help it?"

He would have smiled another time at her simplicity; he could not smile now. "You will be happier with him than with me, Hilda?" he asked.

"It is so different," she replied. "You are my guardian and brother and friend; he is my——" she paused at a loss for a word.

"He is our love," said John, steadily.

"Yes, that is it," she replied; "and John dear, he is so fond of me. We shall be so happy."

She talked to him in her simple, girlish way of her lover or his lover, all unconscious that the heart of the man who had shielded her from childhood was full of grief more bitter than death. Perhaps it was the strange pallor of his face, or the trembling of his firm lips, that arrested her attention and made her think.

"How selfish I am!" she cried. "Do forgive me, John. I know you always rejoice in my joys. I forgot your sorrow; but you do not mind much, guardy, do you? You have taken care of me all my life, and wanted to take more care than ever. I shall be wretched if I think you are not happy, and I am sure Paul will be the same."

So unconsciously she said it as though already there was but one heart between Paul and herself. A deep bitter sigh escaped John Hilton's lips. She drew near him with a wistful look on her sweet face, and tears shining in her eyes.

"Say you forgive me, John," she said. "I was so happy this morning; but if you look sad I shall never be happy again."

None could ever realise how great was the effort John made to regain his composure. It was not the first time he had sacrificed himself for her. His life for the last fifteen years had been one long effort for her sake, one long study for her happiness. Now that, in the bloom and beauty of her first love, she asked him for this one grand sacrifice, this laying down of all his own hopes, he could not refuse her.

"My dear child," he said, caressing her soft golden hair, "my dear child, your happiness will always be mine."

"Thank you, John," she cried. "You will find a sensible, clever wife soon, and then you will be so glad that you did not marry me. You are pleased, then, with Paul?"

"Yes," he replied, gently, "I am pleased with Paul. Let us forget all the nonsense I have been talking, and speak of him and of you."

Her face beaming with happiness, Hilda sat down by him, and told him the story of Paul's love, and their bright prospects.

He listened with the same quiet, sympathizing smile on his face, that she ever remembered to have seen there. Not one word did he say of the death-blow that had fallen upon him, not one word of the bitter smart of his own pain, or the depths of his own despair. And she, in her careless happiness, believed he did not suffer, because he did not complain.

Hilda Fearing was not the first to mistake tinsel for gold. The young artist's love blinded her to the deep and true devotion of John Hilton. Even she, under the "glamor" of her love-dream, could not help seeing and knowing that in character and disposition, her lover was far inferior to her guardian. But when did a young girl in love stop to think, or act wisely? She told him how carefully and prudent Paul was going to be,—how they had decided that her hundred per annum should keep them in some quiet little home, and he was to save all the money his pictures brought in, until he could have a handsome studio, and afford to pay the best models.

Something like a pang shot through John Hilton's heart, noble as it was, when he heard that his money was to make their marriage not only possible, but prudent. Without it the young artist, who could barely support himself, could not hope to support a wife. With it, the matter became feasible.

While Hilda talked to him and told him of the grand pictures Paul was going to paint, John was thinking whether it was not his duty to tell the young girl the story of her life—her father's sin and the source of her little fortune. He thought and considered well, and finally decided that he was not called upon to disturb the happy current of her young life. Even Hilda wondered at the rare sweetness of his smile, as he turned to her, and said he would do all he could to help Paul for her sake. She little guessed or dreamed what John Hilton had done for her, or how one word from him could have shattered her hopes, even as his own were crushed and broken.

John Hilton was never the same from that evening. He made no sign, he spoke no word; the secrets of his deep, passionate love for his ward remained a secret still; but he had no further interest in life. The only one object he had lived, worked, and toiled for, was far out of his reach—could never now be his. There seemed nothing before him but years of dreary toil, and a loveless, joyless life.

He kept his word nobly, and did his very best to help Paul Graham. He spoke of his talents, and tried hard to interest others in him. But it seemed that though people liked and admired the young artist, no great opinion prevailed of his talents or industry. Hilda's guardian, John thought it only just to say a few words of wise precaution to her. He might as well have spoken them to the winds. She believed in Paul; to her he was the most gifted and noble of human beings.

The time came round for their wedding day, and on the evening previous John Hilton took from his drawer the picture and the curl that had been his chief treasures for so many years, and knew he must gaze upon them no more. School himself as he would, he still loved her. He could sooner have drifted away from his life than his love. It had become part of his nature. Yet he knew that his love must be crushed with an iron hand. He looked away the sweet smiling face, and resolved never to look upon it again.

He went to the wedding, and saw the only woman he ever loved given to another. It was he, in place of her father, who blessed her and wished her all joy. It was he who cheered and gladdened her, hiding, in his magnificent generosity, all trace of his sorrow and pain. It was he who presented Hilda with the little pink cheque, his wedding present, that was to take her and her husband away for a time into what Hilda thought fairy-land, but ordinary mortals called the Lake country.

When all was over, and the sweet face, wet with happy tears, had gone from him; John Hilton returned to his solitary home. Far into the night his footsteps might have been heard pacing wearily up and down his chamber. What he suffered none will ever know. Those who saw him one short week afterwards, did not recognise in the stern, sad man, the once energetic, active lawyer. His whole nature was changed.

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Six weeks afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Graham returned to London. John Hilton had been magnanimous to the last; he had superintended the furnishing of the little cottage, and had added many articles of comfort, and even luxury, including a piano for Hilda. Two or three times afterwards he visited them, so as not to seem strange; but he knew how far his strength went, and that he could not bear much more. Gradually, however, he ceased his visits, calling only at rare intervals, pleading constant and fatiguing business as his excuse. He sought refuge in work, he never dared to stop and think—to reflect upon his love or his loss. He worked from sunrise far into the night, seeking to forget the face and voice that would haunt him while life lasted.

So three years passed, and John Hilton began to fear at last that all was not well in the artist's home. He had not called more than three or four times in each year. Then it had struck him that Hilda looked pale and worn: the brightness seemed to have left her face. He noticed, too, how frequently she applied for her quarter's money long before it was due, little dreaming, poor child, that it was upon John Hilton's charity she and her husband were living. He heard not a word of Paul's success; the Royal Academy refused his pictures, and no one seemed to buy them. Paul Graham became moody and discontented, sullen and soured in temper. It was no very happy life that his young wife led in the pretty cottage.

At length Paul began to question Hilda about her money. How much had her father left? Did she know how it was invested? "It was all very well for John Hilton," he said, "to keep matters in his own hands; for his part he should like to know something more. There never was a lawyer yet who could not take care of himself."

Hilda listened with a burning face and aching heart to these unworthy suspicions. Could this man, who dared to suspect and question her noble, generous guardian, be the same Paul she had believed so far superior to his fellow men?

Once, and once only did the artist venture to question John Hilton as to his wife's fortune. The calm, haughty reply that he received silenced even him for a time. Mr. Hilton simply refused to enter into any explanation whatever, and strongly advised Paul, for his own sake, to leave the matter alone.

A crisis came at last. Some one offered to take Paul to Italy to study, if he could raise a few hundred pounds.

"It is a chance I must not neglect, Hilda," said Paul. "You must go yourself to your guardian, and persuade him to let me draw out half, or at least a quarter of the principal of your money, that will enable me to go to Italy, and yet leave you sufficient to live upon."

So one day, to John's great surprise, Hilda came to his office with that petition. He would have given his life to have restored the brightness to that sad face, and the smile to the sweet lips. But over one thing he was firm; he would not touch the principal of her money. He had no reliance upon Paul. Even if he were to draw out five hundred pounds now, in a few months it would be spent, and under some pretext he would want more.

He refused Hilda's request kindly but firmly; the consequence of which was, that Paul Graham flew into a violent passion, and forbade his wife ever to exchange another with her guardian.

For two years this estrangement lasted, and then the wish of the artist's heart was gratified. A kindly patron undertook to send him to Italy, and Hilda offered him rather more than half her income. He never asked her to go with him, or seemed to wish it. Paul Graham thought of no one but himself. He had been in Florence six months before John Hilton knew that he had left England, and his ward was living alone.

Then he called upon her, believing it his duty to do so. Sharper than any physical

pain was the grief he felt, when he saw his once blooming, beautiful ward. The radiance and sunshine of her beauty had died away, the dark eyes were sad and clouded, the lips had lost their smile, the whole face its sunshine. He read the story at a glance. Had Paul Graham been a successful man, he would perhaps have been a good husband; as it was, he became soured in temper and disposition, and neglected his sweet, gentle wife, who never complained. He had been absent six months, and during that time had only written three short letters to her.

Loneliness and disappointment were preying upon Hilda, changing her so much that her guardian did not know her. She was almost raturously pleased to see him; they spoke but few words of the absent husband. John understood that he would never forgive his refusal to allow the sum of money he required.

John could not say much, but he left Hilda with his heart full of anxiety and sorrow. He could not see any way in which he could help her. He could not now offer her the shelter of his home, or the use of his money; she was still his beloved ward, but she was also another man's wife, and had gone from his care.

To the last day of his life John Hilton will remember that September evening when he sat in his office, thinking intently what he could do to help Hilda. He had hastily brushed away his papers and parchments; they disturbed the current of his thoughts and he wanted to consider. He was so engrossed in different plans, that a faint and somewhat feeble rap at the door did not at first draw his attention. When it had been repeated three or four times, John aroused himself and cried out, "Come in."

There entered what he believed at first to be a spectre, but it proved eventually to be a mere ordinary man, evidently in the last stage of illness.

The stranger gazed at John, and John gazed at the stranger in utter and undisguished wonder.

"John Hilton, do you not know me?" came at last, in a thick, hoarse voice, from the pale lips. "Am I so changed that you do not know me?"

"Never having seen you in my life," replied the lawyer, calmly, "how can I be supposed to know you?"

"Yes, I robbed; ruined, and betrayed you, my dead friend's son. I spoiled your life, and blighted your prospects. I am Humphrey Seaton."

John Hilton gazed in astonishment too great for speech. Could this pale, trembling, emaciated stranger, be his once handsome, stately guardian?"

"Speak one word to me, John," continued the quivering voice. "I am a dying man, but I have travelled many thousand miles to make restitution to you, and to look once more upon my child's face. Does she live?—is she happy?"

"I have spent my life in caring for her," replied John. "I have never had another thought since you left her."

"Heaven bless you for a noble, generous man!" said Humphrey Seaton. "John, I can make all up to you. I have worked hard,—no man in the gold diggings toiled harder. I have brought back your ten thousand pounds, and three thousand for my daughter besides. You will forgive me now, John, will you not?"

So saying, Humphrey Seaton bowed his head upon his trembling hands, and wept bitter tears.

"I forgave you long years ago," said John. "I have forgotten the wrong you once did me. Hilda brought many blessings into my lonely life. For her sake, long since, I ceased to remember you had ever been anything but my father's friend. Try and forget it also."

"Nay, I can never forget," replied Humphrey Seaton, sorrowfully. "Nature intended me for an honest man. John, the memory of my sin has blighted my life and brought me to death. I have done the best I could to atone for it," he continued. "I never spent one penny on myself that I could do without. I went to Dantrey last week, and paid every farthing I owed there. Then I came to London in search of you, hoping from you to hear some tidings of my child."

"I was with her not four hours since," said John.

"Take me to her," cried the sick man, rising, his whole frame trembling with agitation; "take me to her, my little golden-haired Hilda. I cannot bear suspense any longer. Let me see her soon, or I shall die."

"You shall go at once when you are calmer," said John; "let me get you some wine, first."

Mr. Seaton drank hastily the wine John placed before him.

"I am ready now, John," he said. "I feel strong and well."

A deep feeling of pity arose in John Hilton's mind; strong and well, with death painted in such terrible colors on the worn face! They then started, and were not long in reaching the little cottage.

"You had better let me go in first," said John, as they drove along. "Hilda must be prepared. Remember, she has been taught that her father is dead."

Then John told Mr. Seaton the story of his life since that morning when he had received his letter,—how faithfully he had fulfilled his every wish; how he had given the child another name, taken her far from her former home, shared his little all with her, and taught her to believe her father dead.

Humphrey Seaton listened in wonder too great for words.

"You are a noble man, John," he said. "Heaven rewards such deeds as yours. Men have no name for them."

* * * * * *

Hilda looked somewhat astonished when her guardian for the second time that day appeared before her. She had never seen that kind calm face flushed and agitated as it was now. He took her hands gently in his own, and drew her to a seat beside himself.

"Hilda," he said, "I have strange news for you."

"Is it of Paul?" she cried eagerly.

"No, not of Paul," replied John Hilton gently. "Send back your thoughts down to the time you were a child, and tell me what is the first thing you remember."

"My father," she said, quickly; "a kind handsome man, who indulged and spoiled me—who loved me very dearly."

"You have for many years believed that he was dead," said John. "Try and be strong, Hilda; suppose he is living after all, and wants to see you."

For a few minutes John was alarmed, her face grew so deadly pale and her eyes so wild. By a strong effort she recovered herself, and then her guardian told her that Humphrey Seaton, her father, who had once loved her so dearly, was even now at the door, waiting to see her. Not one word did he tell of the story of that reckless life; he left the father to relate his own history to his child.

"She is waiting for you," he said to Mr. Seaton. "See her alone, and when you want me I will come in."

He then opened the door of the room where Hilda stood, and left them together.

Humphrey Seaton never quite remembered that scene. He saw before him the golden-haired child whose sweet face, even in his dreams, had always smiled upon him. He tried to kneel and bow his gray head before her in the abasement of his sorrow and shame; but two loving arms were twined round his neck, and tender lips touched his furrowed face. He could remember no more, until he opened his eyes again, and found himself lying on the little sofa, his daughter by his side.

Then Humphrey Seaton told his story, his reckless extravagance, his sin, and base betrayal of his dead friend's trust,—told it with bitter tears, and sobs that shook his feeble frame.

"Bad deeds are always punished, Hilda," he said; "mine have haunted me to my death."

Hilda comforted him with tender words, such as good women use to the sick and sorrowful, speaking to him of mercy and goodness beyond the mercy of men.

With his arms still clasped round her, as though she gave him strength, Humphrey Seaton told her another story, the secret of John Hilton's life.

Hilda heard it as one in a dream. This noble, generous man, who had been friend, brother, and guardian to her—who had sheltered and shielded her, given her everything she had in the world,—had been ruined by her own father; and this was his revenge! Nobly and well had he kept his faith. A burning blush overspread Hilda's face when she heard that it was to his bounty that herself and her husband owed their daily bread.

Well might John advise Paul Graham, for his own sake, to ask no questions about his wife's fortune. Was ever generosity so great as his, or folly so great as hers? She longed, yet dreaded, to gaze upon his face again. What must he think of her, this noble man, who had only lived for her, while she had made light of his love, and trampled it under her feet!

When she heard the sound of his footsteps she went to meet him.

"John Hilton," she said, "I owe you so much that my life itself could not repay you."

For a moment he looked wistfully at her, thinking her love would have far outweighed all that he had done; then he smiled, and laid his hand upon her bowed head.

"You owe me no thanks, Hilda," he said, gently. "You were always my dear, loving, little sister. You have given me more happiness than I have given you."

"You know when I married Paul that it was on your money we should live," she said.

"Of course I knew it, little sister; but it was your money then, not mine."

"With one word you might have stayed my marriage; yet loving me yourself, you did not speak it."

"I thought of your happiness, not my own," he replied.

He would hear no thanks; and refused to listen if they said any more of what he had done for them. Hilda was his sister, that was all he would say.

They spent a long evening talking of the past and present; no one liked to mention the future. It did not exist in time for the repentant, sorrowful man, who seemed unable to move his eyes from his daughter's face. He asked many questions respecting her husband and his prospects, and Hilda answered brightly; she saw in the fortune so unexpectedly given to her bright hopes for him.

Before Humphrey Seaton quitted his daughter's house that evening he wrote to her husband, giving him a slight outline of his story, asking him to return home, that he might see and know him before he died; and in his daughter's presence, while warm tears of gratitude dimmed her eyes, he repaid John Hilton the ten thousand pounds that he had wrongly taken from him.

For some weeks Humphrey Seaton lived happily with Hilda. Almost as much as he loved his daughter, he loved the noble, generous man to whom she owed everything in the world. Although there was no ultimate chance of his recovery, he regained a little strength, and began to hope that he might spend one Christmas with his child.

They were very happy together. Paul wrote kindly to Mr. Seaton, and promised to return as soon as he had completed the course of study he had entered upon. But Humphrey Seaton never saw his daughter's husband,—he died three weeks before Paul was expected home; and if ever man repented of evil deeds, thoughtlessly done, Humphrey Seaton did, who died rather from sorrow and remorse rather than illness.

All sorrow was not yet ended for Hilda. She never saw her husband again. He was drowned in one of the squalls that arise at times on the bright Italian lakes. They grieved for him a long time; but she must have allowed John Hilton to comfort her after a time, for in the Times of the month of June, three years after her husband's death, was to be seen the following record:—

"On the 24th June, at St. George's Highgate, by the Rev. Simpson White, John Hilton, Esq., to Hilda, relict of the late Paul Graham, Esq., and only child of the late Humphrey Seaton, Esq., of Dantrey."

The time had come when Hilda was proud to call herself the daughter of Humphrey Seaton. No life could be happier than hers. Not to be an empress would she exchange the proud happiness of being John Hilton's wife.

The Worm Full of Trees.—When I used to travel about the country lecturing, said the retired temperance talker, I carried with me as a frightful example, a man with a brilliant red nose, and during my remarks I'd call upon him for testimony.

On one occasion we struck a small town in New Jersey, where we had an audience of about one hundred people.

I was making fine head way with my lecture and at the proper time I glanced over the crowd and said:

Will the gentleman with the red nose please rise to his feet?

Of course my man got up, but before he could do so, thirty-seven men had risen slowly to their feet, and I don't think I was ever more embarrassed in my life.

For some time past a ghost had taken up its abode in the grave-yard at South Newburg, Maine, where it appeared at night, moving round among the graves, bearing a phosphoric light. The other evening a party of seven men and women went out to investigate and found that the apparition that was frightening the people was the reflection of a light from a neighboring house, thrown back from a new and highly polished marble headstone.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Christian scientists have lately been holding meetings near Hennessy, Oklahoma. One of the leaders said, several evenings ago, that if they had faith they could pick up a rattlesnake and not be bitten. The following day a convert saw a rattlesnake, and, desiring to test the statement, did so, and the snake fastened its fangs in his arm, causing death, as he refused to have medical attendance.

John Hessian, who escaped from the penitentiary at Baton Rouge, La., during December, returned voluntarily last week to the institution. It appears that while in jail he learned of the grave illness of his mother, and he determined to go to her. He nursed faithfully at his mother's bedside until her convalescence, and kissing her good-bye, went back to serve out his term. Several policemen know of Hessian's whereabouts while he was out, but they were aware of his mission, and, as one of them said, "didn't have the heart to give him away."

A Pittsburg physician explains how the worm gets into the chestnut. When the nut is still green an insect comes along, and, hunting a warm place in which to have its eggs hatched, lights upon the green chestnut and stings it. At the same time it deposits some of its eggs in the opening thus made. The chestnut begins to ripen and at the same time the eggs are hatching. The insect selects chestnuts as a place for depositing its eggs as being the best adapted place by instinct. The floury matter in the nut turns to sugar and sugar contains carbon, which produces heat.

It is a fact well established by students of heredity that children are apt to inherit not only the physical, mental and moral traits of their parents, but to be influenced by their age as well. Children born of very young fathers and mothers never attain so vigorous a growth of mind or body as those of older men and women, while children of old people are born old. One of the most surprising cases in medical history is that of Marguerite Cribsowna, who died in 1705, aged 168 years. When 94 she was married to a man aged 105. Three children came of this union, but they had gray hair, no teeth, were stooped, yellow and wrinkled, decrepit in movement, and could eat only bread and vegetables.

The father of a little child who died at Macon, Ga., on Thursday, tells of the strange action of three pet pigeons that belonged to the deceased. Up to the time of the child's death the pigeons had never been known to enter the house, but on the day of her death and after the body had been placed in the coffin, two of the pigeons came into the room where the corpse was and looked at the child's face through the glass in the cover. The pigeons were frightened away by several members of the family, and they perched upon the mill, where they remained for the rest of the day. In the afternoon the other pigeons entered the house and acted in the same manner as the first two. The pigeons would not leave the room until the corpse was removed for burial.

Mrs. Lizzie Young, a colored woman of Jacksonville, Fla., has established quite a draying business in that city. She owns three drays and employs from 20 to 30 more when occasion requires. She pays each draymen $1 50 a day, calling 14 loads a day's work. At present she is employed in hauling away the sand from the excavation on the Government lot, and so far has sold every particle of the sand dug out. Mrs. Young knows by face and name every draymen in her employ. But draying is not her only business. For six months every year this enterprising young woman runs an extensive wood yard at North Springfield, and four or five teams are kept busy delivering wood. She sells, besides, many hundreds of dollars' worth of pork every year, and does a good trade in poultry and eggs.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper [illegible] to
that science has been a[illegible]
stages, and that is Catarrh.
Cure is the only positive cure now k[illegible]
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Our Young Folks.

JACK'S RETURN.

BY S. BROWN.

NO one in the village knew anything about him. He had ridden over the snow-covered roads and across the fields and along the village street, and only one person had seen him.

And that was a little girl looking out of a window at the "Red Lion," which was the principal inn in the place.

She was the daughter of the innkeeper, and as the man rode by she tapped at the window and beckoned to him to come in, for it was such a rough day; and he looked up for a moment, and nodded and shook his head, and rode on.

The rooks were crying "Caw, caw, caw!" as they tried to scratch away the snow from the ground; and if people could only understand what "Caw, caw!" means they would perhaps have known more about the man, for he had passed them on the road, and the sentinel rook, who was sitting on a railing, had watched him carefully till he was out of sight, for he was not sure but that he might do them some harm.

The man had on a rough coat, and had a long scarf wound round his neck, his hat was slouched over his face, and strapped on the saddle behind was a great bundle.

The rooks could not make out what the man was doing. If he had been a wise man, though, he would have sheltered somewhere till the storm was over. And as the snow came down faster and faster they cried, "Caw, caw, caw!" louder than ever, and flew homeward.

The sentinel rook did not cry "Caw, caw!" quite as loud as the others or so often, for he was repeating to himself what the man had called out as he passed by them—

"Old rooks once more, old rooks once more,
And looking as young as they looked before,
I'm glad to see the old rooks once more."

"Why?" said the sentinel rook to himself. "Perhaps he used to shoot rooks. That's all that men care to do for us."

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when the man rode through the village of Applethorne, and at four o'clock, the snow having ceased and the sun having come out, people began to flock into the "Red Lion" for a rest, and they were all talking of a man who had ridden past them on horseback.

"There must have been someone after him. He went as if he dared not stop."

"Perhaps a robber!" said the landlord.

"He had a large bundle strapped behind him," said a tall man.

"Things he had stolen," said a young woman.

"No, we have not seen him," said the landlord.

"I saw him, father," said Kate; "I was looking out of the window, and he nodded to me."

"Dear me!" said the landlord, "only to think of that! What was he like, Kate?"

"I don't know. I couldn't see well, for his hat was over his face, but he had light curly hair coming from under it."

And that was all that Kate could tell. And though everyone asked her all sorts of questions, they were no nearer knowing anything about the stranger or what he was doing.

As it grew darker and darker the people left the inn, for some of them had a long way to go.

"Well," said the landlord, "if you wait here a bit you'll have a moonlight night, and that will be better than this dusk."

Some of the people waited a little longer, sitting round the fire, when suddenly the church bells rang a merry peal.

The landlord started up.

"What's that for? What's the matter?"

"Ay, indeed, what is the matter?" asked one of another. "The bells never ring at this time—it isn't Christmas, and it isn't New Year—and there's no service to-night."

"They must be ringing for something," said the landlord. "Tom," he added, turning to one of his boys, "just run down to the church, and see if you can find out what is the matter."

So Tom went off, and returned before long without being able to discover exactly what was the reason of the bells ringing.

"It's old Mr. Hardcastle up at the Park that has done it. He's sent down a gold sovereign to old Diggon, the sexton, with a message that the bells were to be rung as loud as they could be rung, and that there would be another sovereign for the ringers when they had rung for an hour if they would come up to the Park for it. But Diggon did not know the reason."

"Just like him," said the landlord; "he's as queer as ever he can be, and he's never got over his son's being drowned five years ago. He's got some strange fancy in his head now, depend upon it. He'd better have had the bell tolled, for it's not far from the time that the news came of the loss of the ship."

But the bells went on ringing, and the morn grew brighter, and the people went home.

"Caw, caw, caw!"

If the rooks could only have told the people what they had heard, they could have told not only about the horseman who rode through Applethorne, but about the bells, and why Mr. Hardcastle had had them rung.

The rooks had flown home to the elms at the Park—the great elms close by Mr. Hardcastle's house. They were settling amongst the branches, and the sentinel rook was still on the look-out, when up the broad avenue came the horseman who had passed them on the road.

He was not coming along so quickly now—his horse was walking quietly; and as he came nearer to the house he dismounted, and led the horse along. He seemed to be looking at every stone in the gravel drive, and when he had reached the house he paused on the steps before ringing the bell.

At last he rang.

The door opened, and he went in, telling the man to look to his horse. And then the rooks saw no more.

The horseman walked into the dining-room as though he knew it quite well. And there was Mr. Hardcastle sitting by the fire, and Mrs. Hardcastle was there also. The young man had taken off his hat now, and Mrs. Hardcastle gave a shriek when she saw him, and Mr. Hardcastle looked at the young man in some fear and surprise.

"It's all right, father! It is I, indeed it is! I am Jack Hardcastle, and I was not drowned. The vessel was lost, but some of us escaped. Father, mother, don't you know me?"

By degrees Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle came to understand that it was indeed their long-lost son, whom they supposed to be drowned.

It was a long story Jack had to tell, but long before it was finished Mr. Hardcastle sent down to the sexton to have the bells rung.

And the next morning all the village of Applethorne knew why the bells had been rung, and that Mr. Jack, whom they all had mourned as dead, had come home alive to them. There was great rejoicing in the place, for Jack had been a great favorite. And the landlord of the "Red Lion" proudly said—

"And my little Katey was the first to give him a greeting."

QUEER COURT OCCURRENCES.

Comedy often crops out in law courts. The celebrated Roger North reports a reminiscence of Chief Justice Saunders, who, when at the Bar, had a reputation for liking liquor. On one occasion a case that concerned the excisable value of brandy was being tried. Saunders was present and showed his interest in his own way. Witnesses had backed up their statements by producing specimens of various sorts of spirits. The judges tasted, the jury tasted, and Saunders followed suit, being allowed his whim in courtesy, though not professionally engaged in the case. The court, finding the pause rather protracted, ordered counsel to go on with his argument.

"My lord," said he, "we are at a full stop and can go no further."

"What's the matter?" asked the astonished chief.

The advocate answered, "Mr. Saunders has drunk up our evidence."

What is colloquially called "taking a rise out of the judge" sometimes provides amusement for the auditors. Mr. Robert Dale Owen relates a comical passage at arms between a farmer's widow and an American circuit judge. The witness was an antiquated dame, quaintly dressed, in a straight cut gown and poke bonnet. But she had both spirit and self-possession.

"Madam," said the judge, when the widow had answered a question or two, "try to speak a little louder."

But the lady's voice had become a quavering treble with the years, and she was unable to oblige him.

Again the judge testily interrupted: "The court cannot hear a word you say, my good woman. Please to take off that huge bonnet of yours."

"Sir," the witness calmly replied, "the court has a perfect right to bid a gentleman take off his hat, but it has no right at all to require of a lady to remove her bonnet."

This put the bench in a temper. "Madam," said the judge, "you seem so well acquainted with the law that I think you had better come up and take a seat with us."

"I think you honor kindly," was the crushing rejoinder, delivered with a low curtsey, "but there are old women enough there already."

Caught in a different way, but quite as completely, was a Scottish sheriff, mentioned by Dr. Norman Macleod. He had tried an ancient dame for smuggling and found the case clear. It only remained to pass sentence.

"I suppose, my good woman," the sheriff said, "it is not very often you've fallen into this fault?"

"Deed no, shirra," she slyly answered; "I hae na made a drap since you wee keg I sent yourse'."

At Winchester Assizes, a few years ago, before Baron Martin, a witness was examined who was scarcely intelligible with his "says I" and "says he." The judge took him in hand, and this was the conversation:—

"My man, tell us exactly what passed."

"Yes, my lord, certainly. I said I should not have the pig."

"Well, what was his answer?"

"He said that he had been keeping the pig for me and that he—"

"No, no, he did not say that—he could not have said it. He spoke in the first person."

"No, I was the first person that spoke, my lord."

"I mean this—don't bring in the third person—repeat his exact words."

"There was no third person, my lord—only him and me."

"Look here, my good fellow, he did not say he had been keeping the pig; he said, 'I have been keeping it.'"

"I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of your lordship at all. We are on two different stories, my lord. There was no third person, and if anything had been said about your lordship I must have heard it."

A town in the West Riding of Yorkshire afforded mirth to frequenters of the Court of Chancery in 1872. The Mayor of B— had appeared in all the bravery of a new gold chain of office. Charges for the same were levied upon the borough rates, and there were discontent members of the corporation who considered the expense unnecessary. These malcontents found a following in the town, and proceedings were taken in the name of economy and fair dealing with public money. It was a comical contest, and Vice Chancellor Wickens must have thought so when he came to pronounce judgment on the foolish question as to whether a gold chain was the just due of the dignity of the Mayoralty. He decided otherwise, and the cause of the gew-gaws and the ambitious part of the corporation was lost.

Odd things have to be settled by judges and magistrates—or, at least, are brought into court for settlement. It is not so very long since, in a London police court, a modern Enoch Arden appeared—with a difference. A husband had gone to sea, and his wife, thinking, or saying that she thought, he was dead, had married again. Her haste turned out to be a sad blunder. The man reappeared and tried to reclaim his wife. She was in a straight betwixt the two, and the rival husbands sought a magistrate's arbitrament. The perplexed justice declined to interfere.

ATTACKING A PIANO.—A performance on a piano by a certain young lady has been thus described by one who saw and heard it:—

It was a young woman, with as many white flounces around her as the planet Saturn has rings, who did it. She gave the music stool a turn or two, and flutfed down on it like a whirl of soapsuds in a wash basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as if she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she wriggled and twisted herself into a position similar to a traveling turtin, elevated her sentimental eyeballs, as if studying the figure of the fresco work upon the ceiling; and, after having gobbled the necessary inspiration, she threw herself at the piano, as if to wreak suppositious vengeance from every flat and sharp upon the guilty keyboard. She hammered it, caressed it, flirted with it, tangoed it—in fact, overcame it, and after pounding all manner of life out of it, was conveyed away, wriggling and apparently fainting, while the gentlemen were enraptured, and the ladies applauded with "faint" praise.

There is nothing that proves such an economizer of strength and time in the cleaning of windows as the use of alcohol instead of water. It cleanses with magic rapidity, and is not an extravagant substitute, as a prudent person is able to wash a great many windows with a small bottle of alcohol.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Appling, Ga., boasts of a 30-year-old gander.

In France 2,000,000 couples have no children.

Venison is worth from 7 to 10 cents a pound at Bangor, Me.

In Denmark the loftiest mountain is said to be only 535 feet high.

Bacteria are so small that 8,000,000 of them do not weigh an ounce.

Chess is claimed to be taught in all the Austrian public schools.

The average carriage-horse is, it is said, shod nine times a year.

Only one officer in the Prussian army has been raised from the ranks.

Every square mile of the sea contains 130 million fish of various kinds.

This country has 70,000 lawyers, 11,000 of whom are in New York city.

Whittling contests have been inaugurated at church festivals in Sedalia, Mo.

The respective ages of a couple lately married at Saratoga, N. Y., are 82 and 45.

Reno, Nev., has a brass band that is composed of 16 beautiful young women.

North Dakota is reported to have a newspaper published in the Sioux language.

Powdered rice is said to have a great effect in stopping bleeding from fresh wounds.

New Zealand has set apart two islands for the preservation of wild birds and other animals.

A Wells, Me., fisherman caught a catfish lately that had a good-sized potato in its stomach.

A wild cat which measured four feet in length was killed in Thomas county, Ga., recently.

The South Sea Islanders are claimed to make an intoxicating drink from cocoa and decayed fish.

It is estimated that the total number of people in the United Kingdom who always wear glasses is 825,000.

A party of Fernandina, Fla., young men contemplate visiting the World's Fair next year in an ox cart.

Hoquiam, Wash., boasts of a mammoth white turnip which measures 4 feet and 3 inches in circumference.

An apparatus that economically delivers grains of corn to poultry only as fast as used is a late invention.

Michigan lumbermen carry cedar knots in their pockets as a cure and also as a preventive of rheumatism.

In a temple in India there is preserved and worshiped a tooth claimed to have once been in the jaw of Buddha.

A Tamaqua, Pa., dog drank several quarts of "hard" cider the other day, thinking it water. He was so hilarious in his intoxication that he danced wildly all afternoon.

A prayer meeting in a New Jersey town was adjourned, on a recent evening, in order to let the worshipers witness a torchlight parade.

Bears are unusually numerous in the Catskill Mountains this season. They sometimes travel on the railroads—footing it over the ties, like stranded barn-stormers.

A chain was made at Troy, N. Y., in lots for the United States Government which was a little over six miles in length. It was made of iron bars two and a half inches in diameter.

A Lawrence, Kan., man recently received a letter which was mailed in Chicago about 12 years ago. It was accidentally discovered in a ventilator shaft with a package of other mail.

No tea is now allowed to be brought into Great Britain unless a fair sample has been submitted to the Government analyst at the Custom House, and is certified by him to be wholesome.

A man threw a cobble stone through a large plate glass window of a bank at Santa Rosa, Cal., a short time ago. He said that he was sick and hungry and could get no work, and wanted to be placed in jail.

It is stated that a number of fine hotels have been erected during the present year that have omitted the number 13 in numbering the rooms. Many hotels long in operation also have this peculiar omission.

In China, it is said, all the land belongs to the State, and a trifling sum per acre, never altered through long centuries, is paid as rent; this is the only tax in the country, and it amounts to about $1 35 per head.

The Union Board of High Schools in Cincinnati has passed a resolution providing for the teaching of military tactics in the high schools. The thousand or more male pupils will be organized into companies and two regiments, and drilled by a skilled officer.

Five or six winters ago a petrified frog was found in a quarry near Elmira, N. Y., which measured two feet eight inches in length, and, it is claimed, weighed over a hundred pounds. It is believed to be the largest specimen of fossilized frog ever discovered.

MY STAR.

BY FLORENCE A. JONES.

Thou art my bright, my guiding star,
That shines down from its dizzy height
With calm, yet cold and holy light,
Something to worship from afar.

When all my skies are overcast
And other stars forget to shine,
I follow this fair star of mine,
My guiding star while life shall last.

Shine on, shine on, tho' from afar
I still must worship, still adore,
Thy kindly guidance I implore,
Shine on me still, my star, my star!

HOW INVENTORS ARE SWINDLED.

The ways of inventors are many and curious. The same thing might be said of the large class who make it their business to swindle them.

The present writer recently had a hand in taking out a patent for a man in one of our most important cities, and hardly had the provisional protection been recorded in the official gazette of the Patent Office than there arrived from a certain so-called Inventors' Association in Paris a printed document, which stated that "after the examination" of my client's last invention—a thing impossible in the circumstances, for no specification has yet been issued—the Academy had been pleased to confer upon him the title of Corresponding Honorary Member "with attribution" of the First-class Diploma and the Great Gold Medal (gilded).

The award of the title involves no expense to "Monsieur le John Smith," but that gentleman will have the goodness to forward a money order for $10 to cover admission fee, taxes, freight, etc., and on receipt of this sum the precious medal and the equally precious diploma will be sent well packed and post free to his address. If the happy inventor desires blocks of the obverse and reverse sides of the medal he will please transmit an additional $2.

The association in question has flourished in France during a good number of years, but nearly all its members live in England and in this country, and consequently there has been no collision with the Paris police. America is said to be the richest pasture land of the body.

This is only one of the innumerable methods in operation for swindling gullible inventors. A much approved trick is the following: The patentee receives a letter from a firm asking what is his price for the patent rights. He replies, naming a sum; and soon afterwards receives another letter from a second firm, whom we may call Diddlum & Co., and who say that Grabbem & Hookit (that is, the first firm) write that they have corresponded with Mr. Brainsoft, and are now prepared to purchase the patent at the figure named, provided the title and claims are found to be valid. To ascertain this Messrs. Diddlum have been empowered to examine and report upon the patent, and if Mr. B. wishes to close he must remit $50 to pay the expenses of the examination, which is a work independent of the sale, and must be independently paid therefore. The purchase price being, perhaps, $2500 to $1,000, the inventor cannot afford to strain at a paltry $50, and so he sends the money. A report is made adverse to him and no purchase is negotiated. Of course, none was ever intended.

A variation of this trick is said to work very well. One member of the gang enters into correspondence with the patentee, ascertains the price, and then writes to this effect: "We have examined the invention very carefully, and if you can furnish us with an opinion or report as to the scope and validity of your patent, we will, if same is satisfactory, make you an offer either for purchase or license on royalty. Whether we offer or not will depend on the nature of the report. If you have not already a reliable expert, we can recommend Uldrum and Co. as moderate in charges for this class of work. Such patent rights as we buy must be closed at once; it will pay, therefore, to furnish the report without delay.

D. and Co. are confederates, and all they look for are the $10 or $20 fees for giving an unfavorable report.

A smart dodge is that known as "patent assurance," and the Scientific American says that in the United States it is, perhaps, the best of all from the sharper's point of view. It is, or purports to be a corporation for insuring inventors against infringements, and if you pay $10 cash within thirty days of the issue of the patent, it undertakes to insure you against any infringement and to give you advice and other services, for which a lawyer anywhere would charge from $500 to $1000 or more. There is about as much chance of infringement during this period as of the inventor being struck by lightning in winter.

There are scores of other ways whereby an inventor may be "diddled" by the hungry horde always on the watch for him, but those enumerated are the most popular.

More than one man has grown rich by sending round circulars stating that the patent as it stands is good for nothing, but that on receipt of a stated fee he (the benefactor) will set it right and make it go like wildfire.

A NATION OF COOKS.—The Chinese understand the art of preparing food poroperly, and there is scarcely an individual among them who is not able to prepare a respectable dinner. The peasant's wife or daughter does the cooking of his small household; but in large establishments the cooks are invariably men. Half a dozen coolies will squat round a bucket of steaming rice and from four to six small savory dishes of stewed cabbage, onions, scraps of fat pork, cheap fish, etc. Then they fill their bowls from the bucket, and help themselves with their chopsticks from the various relishes provided.

On ordinary occasions even a wealthy Chinaman will sit down to some such simple fare, served indeed on a table instead of on the ground, but in almost equally simple style. It is only when a banquet is substituted for the usual meal that eating is treated seriously as a fine art, in a manner worthy its importance to the human race.

Then the guests assemble early in the afternoon, and remain steadily at the table until any hour from ten in the evening to midnight. Pipes are lighted between the courses and a whiff or two of light tobacco smoke is inhaled into the lungs, while within easy reach of the table, if the festivity is at all on a grand scale, the deafening noise of a theatrical performance continues almost without intermission.

Grains of Gold.

What is gratitude?—Gratitude is the memory of the heart.

Do what you have to do, just now, and leave it not for to-morrow.

The silence of a person who likes to praise is a censure sufficiently severe.

It is easier to set a man against all the world than to make him fight with himself.

Let what you do be done with a will. Energy and perseverance will accomplish wonders.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

Bashfulness may sometimes exclude pleasure, but seldom ever opens any avenue to sorrow or remorse.

Underneath the wings of the Seraphim are stretched the arms of the Divine Mercy, ever ready to receive sinners.

Our knowledge doth but show us our ignorance. Our most studious scrutiny is but a discovery of what we cannot know.

It is a very good lesson, though it is learnt with difficulty, and rarely practised—to love those who hate us. Who can do it?

As the law dissolves all contracts without a valuable consideration, so a valuable consideration often dissolves the law.

What is the difference between hope and desire?—Desire is the tree of life, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit.

Femininities.

Beauty, in woman, is power.

An ordinary champagne cork costs 7 cents before it is made to adorn the top of a bottle.

Residents of Helensburg, Scotland, killed a centenarian lately—a donkey, claimed to be 102 years of age.

He: "And you are not married yet?" She: "No." "It is impossible!" "Yes—so I have begun to think myself."

The eastern extremity of Long Island is occupied by a single pasture field five miles long and from a mile and a half to four miles wide.

A Chautauqua, N. Y., farmer fed his cows with waste grapes the other day, and they produced butter of an unusually fine flavor.

The new Mormon temple at Salt Lake City will be opened April 6, 1893. It has been in course of erection for 40 years and has cost $2,500,000.

A Toronto man waited until he was 83 years old before he got married. That's like running three miles to get a good start for a 14 inch jump.

The British Medical Association has amended its constitution by expunging the article which forbade the admission of women to membership.

When disinfection is rendered necessary by the presence of disease, an effective method is to saturate a towel with volatile disinfectant fluid and suspend it in the room.

It is a great mistake to imagine that success without effort will ever make a man or woman happy. What we cease to strive for ceases to be success, and gradually becomes more and more worthless.

A fashion writer says that dresses are to be full this year. We prefer them full. The idea of a dress empty is ridiculous in the extreme. We should like to know what satisfaction it would be to a young man to hold an empty dress on his lap.

The German Emperor, to testify to his joy that a daughter has entered his family, has lately ordered that all German female prisoners now undergoing punishment for a first crime committed through distress or in anger shall be pardoned.

A striking feature of an "engagement party" given by a betrothed young lady in New York was a paving stone hurled through the window by a former suitor. The result for five minutes was a small-sized engagement ring of a different sort, in which the police performed the ceremony.

I pray this generation of women, which has seen such enlargements of the old narrow order regarding the sex—I pray it to deserve its high part of guardian of the future. Let it bequeath to its posterity a noble standard of womanhood—free, pure, and, above all, laborious.

Frosted silver-ware or frosted ornamentation on plain silver, should never be cleaned with powder, but only with a soft brush and strong lye, accompanied by frequent rinsings with soft water. After the frosted parts are dry, the polished parts may be rubbed carefully with powder.

Mamie, having been helped twice to everything on the table, slid down from her chair with a sigh. "There now," said her mamma, "I suppose you have eaten so much that you feel uncomfortable." "I don't," said Mamie quickly, with a toss of her little head. "I only just feel nice and smooth."

In an English Court lately, in the case of a bicycle stolen from a wayside inn, the judge said that the inn-keeper was bound to take care of the goods of travelers, and that "goods" included bicycles. The jury gave a verdict of about $75 for the owner of the bicycle, and the judge approved the verdict.

While the sister of the late Alonzo Betts, of Reading, Mich., was looking over her brother's effects she found in a memorandum book these words: "You will find money in an old shoe." In one corner of the room she discovered an old pair of over-shoes, and in them, it is reported, was $200 in money, checks and notes.

"It feels strange," said Benedict to a friend the other day, "to have a woman's arm in yours when you haven't been used to anything of the kind for a long time. I escorted a young lady relative to a cab the other evening, and when she put her arm in mine the sweet recollection of bygone days were all revived." "Ain't used to having a woman's arm in yours, then?" said the friend. "Bless you, no!" replied Benedict; "I never walk out with any woman except my wife."

Do women require a larger amount of sleep than men? A German physician answers the above query as follows: The fact is women require a larger amount of sleep than men. The nervous excitability of the female constitution is generally greater than is the case with the stronger sex, and a woman's sleep is consequently lighter. Her dreams are more vivid, and leave a more lasting impression on the memory. Those addicted to dreaming usually sleep longer than those who do not dream, for dreams induce weariness. Anyone who sleeps without dreaming rises on the morning refreshed from his couch, which is, otherwise, not the case.

Masculinities.

There are 27 American merchants in China.

The Duke of Norfolk collects blotting paper and pads.

A peculiarity of certain cranks is that they can't be turned.

A San Francisco man is advertising a troupe of educated flies.

Flymme: "What do you do to cure the blues?" Flamme: "Paint everything red."

Sometimes the modest maiden's downcast eyes are surveying the frightful feet of her eloquent suitor.

Nineteen New York babies were named after Columbus during the week following the celebration.

A 16-year-old girl of Minden, Mich., is said to have eloped with her uncle, Herbert Hoskin, 60 years of age.

When a girl dislikes her suitor she steels her heart against him. When she likes him she lets him steal in.

A Jeffersonville, Ind., young woman won a fine berry farm, valued at $1000, as the result of the recent election.

"Jake" Winters, who, it is said, had not washed or shaved himself for a quarter of a century, died in Carson Valley, Nev., a short time ago.

He who would exercise his tongue should repeat fifteen times, as fast as possible, the sentence: "Shoe the shrew, and beshrew the shoe."

This very sage advice was given by an aged priest: "Always treat an insult like mud from a passing vehicle; never brush it off until it is dry."

English papers tell of Gladstone tripping about London in a heavy drizzle without an umbrella, though wearing an Inverness cape, recently.

Three hundred and twenty-eight thousand divorces have been granted by the courts of this country during the past 20 years, 90 per cent. of them to women.

George W. Brown, aged 94 years, and Miss Hannah Lindstrom, 27 years of age, both of Valparaiso, Ind., were recently married. They had been engaged for 7 years.

Lancaster: "Are you making as much fuss over your baby now as you were two months ago?" Forrester: "Oh, no; I've quit all that. The baby is making all the fuss now."

"Uncle Abe" Roe, who lives near Farmland, Ind., is said to have killed 980 deer during his life-time. He states that when the one thousandth mark is reached he will stop hunting.

Sunday-school teacher: "Noah took a pair of every living thing into the ark so that they wouldn't be drowned." Little Johnny: "Say, ma'am, was that the reason he took in the fish?"

It is vanity which makes the rake at 20, the worldly man at 40, and the retired man at 60. We are apt to think that best in general for which we find ourselves best fitted in particular.

"What does this mean?" asked the lord of the household. "Seven o'clock and not a sign of supper! Where's your mother?" "Mamma's down town taking her cooking-lesson," replied the child.

It is a singular fact that great men seldom leave direct descendants. Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, all prove this rule. Shakspeare left only two daughters, whose children died without issue.

Philip Schlemmer, of Brenham, Tex., fell from a wagon some time ago, landed on a stump and broke his neck. He was considered as good as dead and all his effects were sold. He has now entirely recovered and is at present enjoying the best of health.

"Uncle, what is the hardest lesson you ever had to learn?" asked a young lady of a veteran statesman, known for his strong prejudices. "That the man who differs from me, not only in opinions but in principles, may be as sincere and honest as I am," was the reply.

Republican employer, on the afternoon of election day: "Mr. Hankinson, you have not gone out to vote yet, have you?"

Young Mr. Hankinson: "No, sir; I made arrangements last night, Mr. Howell, to pair off with a Democrat."

"May I ask who the Democrat is?"

"Y-yes, sir. Miss Smith."

Little boy: "Mamma, may I have the big family Bible?"

Fond mamma: "Of course you can, my pet. Your thoughts are on higher things, I see."

Little boy: "Yes'm."

Bridget (to herself, two hours afterward): "Humph! More of that jam gone! I don't see how that boy reaches it."

"How dark it is to-night," she said, "and what a secluded place this is in which we are standing. Nobody can see us."

"Think not."

"I'm sure of it."

"Well, you can't always tell, you know. You never can be sure that you are unobserved, no matter how dark the night or how secluded the place."

THE CUCKOO.

No bird is oftener referred to in poetry and rhyme from the nursery to the halls of science, than the cuckoo, famous for its notes and for its peculiar habit of building no nest for itself, but depositing its eggs in the nest constructed by more industrious and more loving winged mothers.

When the cuckoo first begins to sing, the notes are full and clear; but towards the end of the season, they become hesitating, hoarse, and broken, like the breaking voice of a young lad. This peculiarity was noticed long ago by observant persons, and many are the country rhymes, in England, which bear allusion to the voice and sojourn of the cuckoo. For example:

In April comes he will.
In May he sings all day.
In June he alters his tune.
In July he prepares to fly.
In August go he must.

About Derbyshire and the North of England, this rhyme is slightly varied, and is given as follows:

In April cuckoo sings her lay:
In May she sings both night and day;
In June she loses her sweet strain;
In July she is off again.

An old writer, John Haywood, who "flourished," according to Mangnall, about 1580, has the following quaint and very graphic rhyme upon the voice of the cuckoo at different periods of the year:

In April the cooccoo can sing her song by rote,
In June oft time she cannot sing a note.
At first koo, koo; koo, koo; sings till can she do
At last, kooke, kooke, kooke; six kookes to one koo.

The voice of the female bird is quite distinct from that of the male, and has been compared to the sound made by pouring water out of a narrow necked bottle.

Sometimes the cuckoo has been known to sing at night, having been seen to perch in a tree and then commence its song. Many such instances are recorded, as also of the cuckoo's song heard very early in the season; but in all such instances where the bird was not actually seen, great caution must be used in accepting evidence. For the note of the cuckoo is so peculiar, and so easily imitated, that boys are often in the habit of hiding in the copses and behind hedges for the purpose of deluding people into the idea that the cuckoo has arrived. There have even been instances where such delinquents have confessed their bad practices when they attained to mature years, and wrote on natural history themselves.

The color of the plumage is bluish-gray above, with the exception of the wings and tail, which are black, and barred with white on the exterior feathers. The chin, neck, and breast are ashen-gray, and the abdomen and under wing-coverts are white, barred with slaty-gray.

Sometimes the color varies from these tints, and a white specimen may occasionally be found. Yearling birds of both sexes are hair brown above, barred profusely with brownish red, the quill feathers of the wings are reddish-brown, barred with white, while those of the tail are of the same dark tinge, but without the white bars, and spotted with white along the centre of the feathers. The whole of the under portions of the body are gray white, barred with brown, and the short tail is tipped with white. A little white also appears on the tips of some of the feathers on the upper surface of the body. The total length of the adult bird is about fourteen inches.

Easterly: "Hello, old man! I hear that you are married. Wasn't it rather sudden?"

Wooden: "Well, yes, a bit sudden, perhaps."

"How did it happen?"

"Well, you see, it was in this way. I was calling on Miss Simoon, from Chicago, and she said: 'Do you think, Mr. Wooden, that marriage is always a failure?' 'Why, no,' said I; 'not always. I can imagine a case where it would, undoubtedly, be a perfect success.' At this she leaped up, threw her arms around my neck, and said, 'This is very sudden, but you have made me the happiest of women. Let next Tuesday be the day.'"

Eggs and Milk.—Eggs and milk give steady returns to the farmers. He does not have to wait for a crops of eggs to be harvested, but receives them daily. There is nothing produced on the farm that helps to tide over many difficulties so much as the egg basket, and especially during the winter season, when the farm is at a stand-still. Eggs are always in demand and they are sold for cash at all times and places.

Where there are children, there Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup should be always handy.

Rules For the Stage.—When an actor writes a letter, he does it with a rapidity which causes the most expert of stenographers to turn green with envy.

When an actress makes a dab at her right eyes with the middle finger of her right hand, followed by a show of throwing something into space, and then repeats this performance with respect to her left eye, it signifies that she is indulging in tears.

When an actor enters into confidential conversation with another actor, it is the proper thing for him to hang his leg over the back of a chair, with his foot resting on its seat.

When an actor walks up to the foot lights and declaims in a loud voice to the audience, it is understood that he is soliloquising, quite unknown to the other people on the stage.

When an actor comes on the stage faultlessly dressed, with a flower in his button hole, you may be sure that he is a villain of the deepest dye.

When an actor has all manner of hard luck, and is seedy as to clothing and looking very hungry, he is to be congratulated, for he is shortly to wed the young lady of his choice, and to rise by spasmodic bounds to affluence.

When an actor walks to the room represented on the stage, and gazes at the pictures on the wall, you may know either that he is from the country or that he is a sheriff's officer. If his hat is of venerable appearance, and he persists in keeping it on his head, you may safely set him down as the latter. He does this for the good and sufficient reason that all actors have done so from time immemorial.

When a wicked-looking actor beats his brow, it is to inform you that he is thinking of childhood's hour, when he was guileless and happy, and a stranger to the sin in which he is now steeped.

As Medicine.—Nearly every fruit and vegetable has a special medicinal quality. Grapes take the first place, being most nutritious and purifying to the blood. Grape cures are said to work miracles at times in some parts of Europe, where they are just as fashionable as the "waters." A good ripe peach is particularly hygienic when at breakfast.

An orange eaten first thing in the morning will cure dyspepsia sooner than anything else. Apples are excellent in many cases of illness, and are far better than salts, oils, and pills. Every man of sedentary habits and whose liver is sluggish should eat an apple daily. Tomatoes, too, are good for the liver.

Figs, currants, cherries, raspberries, and strawberries are all cooling and purifying to the system. Of vegetables, spinach has a direct effect upon the kidneys. Onions, garlic, leeks, olives, and shallots possess medicinal virtues of a marked character on the circulatory system. White onions are recommended to be eaten raw as a remedy for insomnia. The French regard a soup made from onions as an excellent restorative in debility of the digestive organs.

Lettuce and cucumbers cool the system; beets and turnips are excellent appetisers; celery acts admirably upon the nervous system, and is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia.

A novel election wager was paid at Lebanon, Ind., on Monday. According to the provisions of the bet a number of prominent citizens assembled at a hotel and sat down to a dinner which was composed of the following bill of fare: For the Democrats—Chicken, boiled ham cold tongue, potatoes, etc., including all the delicacies the market afforded. For the Republicans—Thin bean soup, water and toothpicks. The Republicans paid their bet with good grace, and all enjoyed the one-sided feast.

Pork Barrels.—Pork barrels should be thoroughly washed with boiling water and concentrated lye. Add a pound of the lye to four gallons of water and scrub the barrel with a brush, using sand also, if preferred, and rinse well with plenty of boiling water. Leave the barrel full of water until ready for use, and scrub it again. This work is necessary, as pork barrels are not easily cleaned.

"Did you take much pressing before you accepted Jack?" asked one young lady of a friend who had just got engaged. "Oh, a lot. And then Jack is so strong, you know. He nearly squeezed all the breath out of my body."

Make a note of it.—Twenty-five cents buy the best liniment out, Salvation Oil.

TWO GRAND SOUVENIRS
FOR OUR SUBSCRIBERS!

CHARMING! BEAUTIFUL!

Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella

ORIGINAL OWNED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, N. Y.

In 1492 the life of Columbus became associated with our western world, and one of the events which led to the discovery of the New World is portrayed in this great painting. The original was painted by Vaclav Brozik. It is recognized as the great pictorial history of the signing of the contract between Columbus and Ferdinand and Isabella by which the means were furnished to enable him to discover the New World.

The moment chosen by this artist is the beginning of American History. Ferdinand and Isabella are seen upon the dual throne of Spain. Columbus is in the foreground presenting his claims before the royal power. The contract is upon the table, and Ferdinand with pen in hand is hesitating when Isabella exclaims "I undertake this enterprise for my own crown and pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." There are 30 figures in the picture many of them being portraits and the scene is in the throne chamber.

The rich, gorgeous coloring of the toilets of the assembled court, combined with graceful pose, technical skill and rare imaginative power, make this picture pre-eminently one of the best Art Works yet issued to the public.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

ORIGINAL IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

The original of this picture has been for many years the great attraction in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. It was painted by Vanderlyn and has the same soft mellow tone that time has given to the old masters. It is familiar to all who have visited the Capitol.

In the offing are seen the "Santa Maria," "Pinta," and "Nina." Columbus and his followers are in the foreground clothed with all the splendor of polished armor, purple and gold, while behind this group is seen the Cross borne aloft by chanting monks. On the left of the picture, are seen the natives in their nude simplicity, paying homage to the white men whom they suppose have descended from heaven.

It is most fortunate that this early painting has been carefully preserved by the U. S. Government. There are very few Columbian relics remaining and in the World's Columbian Exposition which is about to be celebrated, the event portrayed in this painting is to be re-enacted on our shores.

The Spanish and United States Governments propose to build a new, "Santa Maria," "Nina" and "Pinta" and sail into the harbor of New York and thence to Chicago by the way of the canals and Great Lakes. They will be fitted out in every particular like their great prototypes four-hundred years ago, and will have on board Spaniards in the costumes exactly copied from those seen in this wonderful Picture.

These Pictures which we offer (size 21x28 inches each) are in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line.

We give them free of charge to every old and new subscriber who sends us $2.00 for a years' subscription in advance.

Remember, you get "The Saturday Evening Post" an entire year, and both pictures, which alone are worth much more than the subscription price of the paper.

Address,—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

When a young man pawns his winter overcoat to obtain a bouquet for a young lady friend it is no sign that he is very much in love. He may be just an ordinary fool.

Dr. Grana, a Spanish physician, according to foreign papers, has found a cure for diphtheria which he claims never fails. The Queen Regent, of Spain, is said to be much interested in the discovery.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE PAIN.

It is the best application for Bruises, Sprains, Cramps, Stiff Joints, Pain in the Chest, Back or Limbs.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.

Thousands have been relieved and cured by simply rubbing with Ready Relief, applied by the hand, to the parts affected and considerable of the adjoining surface; at the same time several brisk doses of Radway's Pills will do much to hasten the cure.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Inflammation, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing, Influenza.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

INTERNALLY.

From 20 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal Pains.

MALARIA

Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the Cure of Chronic Diseases.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure.

Sold by all Druggists. One Dollar a Bottle.

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from disease of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, flattering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25 CENTS per box. Sold by all druggists.

RADWAY & Co., 33 Warren St., N. Y. City.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be Sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Book of Advice mailed on application.

Recent Book Issues.

"Maggie Bradford's Fair," by the author of "The Bessie Books," is a grand story for girls and young people generally. The moral it teaches is beautifully told, and altogether its reading is as delightful as it is good in influence. Published by F. A. Stokes Co., New York. For sale by Wanamaker.

"Beyond Atonement," from the German of Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, is one of the best novels of this able authoress. It has been well translated by M. A. Robinson. The plot is one that makes the time spent in reading the book well invested, both as a means of pleasure and a source of heart profit. Published by the Worthington Co., New York.

"The Bunny Stories," by John H. Hewitt, will prove a perpetual well-spring of delight for younger readers. The tales in which rabbits of all sorts, sizes and condition take part with other animals, are numerous, show much invention, and are just such as are likely to please a child. Every page almost is loaded down with fine illustrative pictures of the bunnies and their doings. Grandly printed and bound. Published by the F. A. Stokes Co., New York. For sale by Lippincott.

What will prove one of the neatest presentation books of the holiday season, is a selection of the choicest poems by the famous poets, Austin Dobson, Winthrop Praed, and Frederick Locker. They are printed in grand style, on the best of paper, and liberally illustrated with all sorts of fine pictures, including a number of full-page fac-simile water colors, by Maud Humphrey. The size of the book is quarto, and it is elegantly bound in two colors of brown and gold. Published by the F. A. Stokes Co., New York, and for sale by Wanamaker.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Magazine of Art" for December is out and contains, along with the splendid original etching furnishing the frontispiece, a number of select and finely illustrated articles on the most popular art topics. The Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

"The Popular Science Monthly" is always filled with choice information concerning the very latest advances in this direction made by the world's workers, and the December number, just issued, may be commended as of special interest. Appleton & Co., New York.

"The English Illustrated Magazine" for November is out, and from cover to cover is crowded with select original articles and illustrations. Noticeable features are those on Lord Tennyson and "The Cries of London." Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

CALMNESS AND DELIBERATION.—Calmness cannot be over-estimated as a requisite to accomplish difficult and great events. It is not by fiery declamations, by mere impulses that anything in this world is ever surely gained, but by calmness, clearness of vision, and deep insight. The still small voice makes more impression, and is more lasting on us than the loudest shouts. The business man who skims swiftly over the surface will catch at straws and not find the level; it is only those who dive below will get the pearls. Excitement and agitation leave no room for reason, or the exercise of good judgment. They bring many dire results, which would have been averted by caution, prudence, and calmness. The politician who lays his plans and carries them into execution with deliberation and calmness will see his way clear in one thing and gets done with it before he attempts another. The calm, cool, and collected man will go along easy and undisturbed by little disappointments or hindrances. Greater harm has been done, both in religion and politics, by men whose capabilities have been of the destructive order without the constructive faculty, than by all the bigots that ever breathed. The best form of government can do but little, unless the reform begins with the individuals themselves. Govern ourselves well, and, we will not then talk so much about governing others. It is nor this or that institution which we need so much concern ourselves about, but the first and primest principles of honesty, and justice amongst ourselves, which we must regard. I. G. W.

HUNDRED WEIGHT.—The origin of the symbol "cwt." for hundred weight is as follows: C is the initial letter of the Latin word "centum," meaning a hundred, and wt are the first and last letters of the word "weight," and are used as a contraction for it.

"SMITH and Jones met this morning. Smith asked Jones a question and Jones, instead of answering, asked Smith the same question. Smith did'nt answer either and they passed on." "What was the question?" "How do you do?"

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 23, '81. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

To Mrs. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

MARRIAGE PAPER Nearly 100 ladies and gents want correspondents. 3 mos. 10c. Helping Hand, Chicago, Ill.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE GUNNELL'S MONTHLY, Toledo, Ohio.

SPORTING GOODS ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS FREE. WRITE LETTERS FOR SPECIAL PRICES. A. G. SPALDING & BRO., 108 & 110 Madison St., Chicago.

BEATTY PIANOS, ORGANS, $33 up. Want agts. Cat. free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Washington, N.J.

Weak Men INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 10 days; never returns. I will send (sealed) FREE to my fellow-sufferers a prescription in enlarged small weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address, E. B. Franklin, Medic Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

FREE For 30 Days. To introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS we make this special Offer: Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph or any picture of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish not interfering with likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO., Opposite New German Theater, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to any one sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

PUGET SOUND is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its Greatest City. Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from $200 TO $350 per lot on EASY TERMS. Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the

FAIRHAVEN

WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

Epidemic Cholera and Consumption.

The current (SEPTEMBER) number of THE MEDICAL TRIBUNE,

published in this city under the caption of "Epidemic Cholera," speaking of its appropriate treatment, concludes as follows: "In addition to these remedies I would strongly recommend the early, free, and persistent inhalation of Bi-ozone, as well as the internal use of Peroxide of Hydrogen. Ozone, if introduced into the system, will destroy these germs, whether in the lungs or in the stomach, and with an increased oxidation of the blood the circulation is equalized AND COLLAPSE PREVENTED."

The same issue also has the following article from the pen of its editor, an eminent medical writer and practitioner:

"BI-OZONE as a REMEDIAL AGENT."

"Imperfect oxidation always results in the accumulation of effete material which is deposited in various organs and tissues of the body and thus gives rise to a variety of diseases. To correct such defects the profession have long endeavored to find some means by which oxygen could be introduced into the system so as to oxidize these deposits and thus remove the cause of disease.

"At one time chemical agents, rich in oxygen, were freely administered. Again, oxygen gas by inhalation was proposed. In some few instances air-tight rooms were constructed and air forced into them until a pressure of two atmospheres was secured. Patients were then placed in these rooms for a specified time with the view of obtaining an increased supply of oxygen by inhaling this compressed air. None of these methods, however, have proved satisfactory and imperfect oxidation of the blood has been one of the great difficulties with which medical men have had to contend.

"Various preparations of peroxide of hydrogen have been introduced to the profession, and all of them have been valuable acquisitions to the therapeutic art; but it has remained for Mr. N. Helmer to give us his bi-ozone treatment, which makes it possible for the patient to inhale ozone directly into the lungs as often as it may be necessary to do so. His method is a simple one, and from our personal experience we believe it the most efficacious that has yet been devised. He supplies a superior peroxide of hydrogen, a quantity of which is heated with water, and to this is added another chemical agent which sets the oxygen free for immediate inhalation. The chemical action which thus takes place sets free a gas which the usual tests prove to be ozone.

"The inhalation of this ozone serves a valuable purpose in oxidizing the blood, as it is carried directly into the lungs, and from thence to the red blood corpuscles. It is also claimed that the internal use of this peroxide of hydrogen is followed by the setting free of the ozone in the stomach and its absorption by the blood vessels.

"Our attention was first called to the Bi-ozone treatment some months ago, and we gave it a thorough test in the case of our cook, who has been for some time suffering from phthisis. There was a deposit in the upper part of both lungs, her cough was persistent, and for over two months she had profuse night sweats. She had become so weak that she could not go up one flight of stairs without stopping to rest on the way. We commenced giving her the Bi-ozone treatment, and within a month's time her cough had materially diminished, the night sweats had entirely disappeared, and she had so far recovered her strength as to be able to attend to her usual duties and go up three flights of stairs without shortness of breath or fatigue. In addition to the inhalation she took thirty drops of the peroxide of hydrogen by the stomach an hour after each meal. She continued this treatment for about four months, at which time she was apparently well. At the present writing, which is seven months after the beginning of the treatment, she has no cough, her appetite and strength are both normal, and the deposit in the right lung has entirely disappeared, while there is only a very slight dulness at the apex of the left lung.

Whether we accept the theory that consumption is due to the presence of bacilli in the lungs, or that of deposits of tubercular matter, the success of the treatment can be accounted for on rational grounds. The ozone or allotropic oxygen, when taken directly into the lungs by inhalation, destroys the bacilli, thus curing the disease, and also oxidizes the tubercular matter and thus causes its elimination.

"We are experimenting in other directions, and believe that in the Bi-ozone we have a remedy that will prove a valuable agent in the treatment of all conditions in which there is a deficient oxidation or imperfect nutrition."

Helmer's Bi-Ozone Cure

N. HELMER, Chemist, 822 Broadway, Southeast Corner 12th Street, New York City.

BROOKLYN OFFICE: Dr. P. SILSBEE, N. W. cor 5th Avenue and 17th Street.

BRIDGEPORT OFFICE: Dr. H. M. DICKINSON, 139 Fairfield Avenue.

Dr. W. W. CLARK, Sole Agent for Ohio, 318 Franklin avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Humorous.

A MAN OF NOTE.

On his proud face there played a smile,
As up the street he marched in style.

With pompousness and arrogance
He noted many a passer's glance.

And still his lips grew sharper curled—
He felt his value to the world.

But what made him seem a man of note
Was that his necktie climbed his throat.
—U. N. Nonx.

Reward of Merit.

The deacon: "Do you know what happens to boys who tell lies?"

Small youth: "Yessir. They gits off most times if they tells good ones."

Water colors—Rainbow hues.

A dream of fair women—Marrying a lord.

What to do to obtain white hands—Nothing.

When is a bill like a gun?—When it is presented and discharged.

Visitor: "How does the land lie out this way?" Native: "It ain't the land that lies, sir; it's the land agents."

Caller: "Is Mrs. Brownston at home?" Servant: "Yes'm. She'll be at home all the evening. It's my night out."

He: "My dear, the bank in which my money is deposited has broken." She: "What a mercy you've got your checkbook at home, love!"

Mr. Hogan, after hammering on the door for five minutes: "Is it dead or alive ye are?" Mr. Grogan, within: "Nayther; I'm shlapin'."

There is one advantage in building castles in the air which does not obtain in other forms of building—there is no architect's bill to pay.

"Does Burrows quarrel with his wife as much as he did?" "Oh, no. They stopped their rows a year ago." "How did they come to do that?" "She died."

Stalate: "To prove my love there is nothing I would not do for you." Ethel, yawning: "All right, sir. Wind up the clock and kiss Fido good-night."

Teacher: "Give an illustration of the superiority of mind over matter!" Pupil, after prolonged reflection: "I have to mind you. That's what's the matter."

"In this little casket," said a man to a friend the other day, "I have preserved all these years the dearest remembrances of my honeymoon. It is the hotel bill!"

"I thought you said your boy's nurse was a colored girl, Mrs. Hicks," said the visitor. "I saw her to-day, and she's white." "Oh, well, she looks white," said Mrs. Hicks, "but in reality she is very green."

Little brother: "Mr. Johnson, won't you go and stand before the window?" Mr Johnson: "Certainly, my little man; but why?" Little brother: "Oh, ma says she can see through you, and I want to see if I can."

"Yes, judge," said a prisoner, "I admit that the back of my trousers were tangled in the dog's teeth, and that I dragged the animal away, but if you call that stealing a dog no man on earth is safe from committing crime."

At the Sanitarium. Pilkins: "I don't see why you charge me $5 a day when you charge others only $4!" Hotel Keeper: "Our medical advisor tells me your respiration is 25 per cent. above the normal. We don't give air like ours away."

Some men are ever ready to offer a remedy for everything. The other day we remarked to one of these animated apothecary shops: "An idea struck us yesterday—" And before we could finish he advised us: "Rub the affected parts with arnica."

Customer: "Those last cigars I had from you are up to nothing. The lower down you get in the box the worse they are!" Tobacconist: "You have always some fault to find. Just turn the box over and begin at the bottom, and they will improve as you go along."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

While there always will be some ladies who go to extremes in following any new fashion, there is also a certain number who retain at least a glimmering gleam of common sense, and these try to arrange their garments so that they shall not be old fashioned nor yet fantastic copies of the "newest styles," as seen in the elegant and highly colored plates one's dressmaker shows as the only proper thing to wear. As a rule these pictures are misleading, for to make a pretty picture the costume has a great deal of elaborate trimming, which always overloads a dress if made exactly like it. The plainer a picture looks the safer it is to copy after.

These new Eton jackets and the corsages where the waist is apparently cut in two, stretched as if to fit a growing girl and then filled in by some other material, look very well in pictures, but they fail lamentably when put upon a real live person. True, it is fashionable just now to have the waists of gowns made in sections, but it is not a pretty way, and I believe that every person who wears one has to brace herself up with the reflection that it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion before she puts it on.

A handsome though rather patched up style I noticed in one of our largest houses Saturday which had the merit of oddity. It was a gray twilled soft wool, with snowflakes all over in irregular spots. The corsage was of rich dark green velvet, fastened with three buttons covered with the same. This corsage was cut out in the neck in front and straight across in the back, leaving the undercorsage and sleeves of the wool visible. Around the edges of the velvet corsage and sleeve caps was a roll of plaid velvet, which was made over

WALKING COSTUMES.

a half inch manilla rope. The velvet was sewn over the rope, and then fastened to the edge. Two rolls of the same extended around the bottom of the skirt. The velvet was in bright tartan plaid, with white and bright red and yellow plentifully interspersed. It was really very handsome, but I do not envy the one who makes and sews on this kind of trimming. The velvet should be on the bias.

Narrow ribbons in several colors, laid in shirred ruffles close over each other, make one of the prettiest trimmings of the season. The colors should be well chosen, to match colors or threads in the goods or to be an artistic contrast or combination. Rose plaiting is still a high favorite—too high when its cost is considered. A very beautiful new trimming in Persian and Russian embroidery can now be purchased ready to go on any dress, and being in threads of mixed colors it will adapt itself to any color and any material. It has usually a bordering of some kind of fur and can be obtained in several widths from one to ten inches deep. It is quite expensive. Hercules braids laid on flat and the different castle braids are to be worn on woolen costumes, and they are always ladylike and neat and not very expensive.

I saw an elegant walking costume which had one flat band of hercules braid sewed directly on the edge of the skirt, and also on the novel simulated capeline over the shoulders and on the hips. The gown was cut en princesse, of seal brown and tan cloth. The gown proper was of tan, and the postiche skirt and capeline of the seal brown; the braid was black—altogether one of the neatest costumes of the season. The six buttons were of brown bone.

Ribbons, feathers and flowers are all used as garniture for dancing dresses. Ribbon is sometimes applied in the form of enormous bows on the bottom of the skirt, but more frequently in full rosettes or choux or windmill bows with floating ends. Indeed the floating ends should never be omitted, as they add so materially to the lightness of the dancing dress.

The particular trend of the present styles seems to be to make the shoulders appear broad, and the bust is held in as tightly as possible. Perhaps a hundred or two years ago pictures show us there was a similar style, and it must be confessed that it is not very graceful, but somehow the wearers manage to look pretty in them after all.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Here are some domestic measurements that will prove useful:

Soft butter the size of an egg weighs one ounce.

One pint of A coffee weighs twelve ounces.

Four teaspoonfuls are equal to one tablespoonful.

One pint of best brown sugar weighs thirteen ounces.

One quart of sifted flour (well heaped) weighs one pound.

One and one-third pints of powdered sugar weigh one pound.

Two teacupfuls (level) of granulated sugar weigh one pound.

Two teacupfuls of soft butter (well packed) weigh one pound.

One pint (heaped) of granulated sugar weighs fourteen ounces.

Two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar or flour weigh one ounce.

Two teaspoonfuls (well heaped) of coffee A sugar weigh one pound.

Two and one-half teacupfuls (level) of the best brown sugar weigh one pound.

One tablespoonful (well heaped) of granulated, coffee A or best brown sugar, equals one ounce.

For the Teeth.—A nice tooth soap, or a sweet-smelling tooth powder, may be reckoned among the toilet articles which are the delight of every well organized woman. But the best tooth soaps, in the language of the little girl, "cost money," and many a woman had been compelled to buy something less dainty than she wanted, because she could not buy the gilt-edged variety.

Here is a tooth soap which may be highly recommended. It is sweet smelling, nice tasting and cleansing without having in its composition an ingredient which could possibly harm the teeth. Indeed, it is so mild that those who require a "gritty" soap must add pumice stone to the compound.

For this tooth soap get of powdered orris root a quarter of a pound, of powdered myrrh two ounces, of powdered white soap three ounces, of powdered saffron one ounce, and of oil of lavender two drachms. Mix with one pound of precipitated chalk.

This makes quite a large quantity. But the soap keeps well. Should you not feel equal to mixing the ingredients yourself a druggist will toss them together for you, without charging you any more than the separate ingredients would cost if bought singly.

For the delicate teeth of children a good powder can be made from two ounces of Castile soap, powdered and dried; one ounce of cuttle fish bone, powdered; four ounces of honey and a dash of lavender for perfume.

Some novelties in stationery are in a riot of color. Terra cotta and turquoise blue are shown, and pink embossed with wild roses. A coffee-colored sheet is lined with violet and a deep crushed strawberry opens to show pale old rose. The paper is beautiful, the tints exquisite—a writing desk may look like a flower garden—still, what is most and best bought is the cream and pearl white sort. Mourning note paper shows a revers of black only on white or blue gray.

The dainty little bread and butter plates have recently acquired a new usefulness. They are now placed beneath the tumbler, and so prevent any danger of the table cloth becoming wet. There is also a tumbler doily which rest upon the plate. These doilies are of drawn work and are round in shape just covering the space within the rim of the plate. The rim is usually of some faint color.

"Are you not alarmed at children playing on that cistern with the trap door open? Are you not afraid they will drop in some day and get drowned when you are not looking on?" said one lady to another whom she was visiting. "No," was the complacent reply, "we get our drinking water from another cistern they can't fall into."

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively, Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.

In Effect November 13th, 1892.

DEPOT, NINTH AND GREEN STREETS.

Williamsport Fast Day Line—8.35 a m week-days.
Buffalo Day Express—9.00 a m daily.
New England Day Express—10.00 a m week-days.
Easton Flyer—3.35 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—6.45 p m, (24th and Chestnut sts., 6 20 p m) daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.25 p m daily.
Western Night Express—9.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11 30 p m daily.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Day Express (Pullman Buffet Parlor Car) leaves Ninth and Green streets at 10.00 a m week-days and New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.00 a m, 8.25 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.10, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.00, 3.35, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 6.30, 9.00, 9.10 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 8.30 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Columbia-Hale Branch.
9.10 a m for Reading and way points.
11.02 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.
4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.
11.30 p m daily. Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.
SUNDAYS—9.05 a m Express, Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
3.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.
11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Line. Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE,

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Streets.

3.35, 8.20, 9.25, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.31, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 3.35, 9.40, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.31, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car) p m.

Leave Ninth and Green Streets.

7.30 (Pioneer two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15, 8.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 5.00, 10.00 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. Asst for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.20, 3.15, 5.45, 6.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.31 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.00 a m, 12.40, 2.15, 5.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.30 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 6.10, 8.00 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.02, 5.00, 6.00 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

DEPOT THIRTEENTH AND CALLOWHILL STREETS.

4.30 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.
7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.
10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.
12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.
1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.
4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
5.20 for Reading and Pottsville.
8 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.
SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.
8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.
8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.
5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 3.30, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.40 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.30 a m, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.40 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 am, 3.45 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Malaga Mill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Clementon, 6.50 8.00 8.30, 11.00 a m, 3.00, 4.35, 5.45, 8.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 9 a m, 1.45, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Brenloch, 6.30, 8.10, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 6.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m, 4.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 220 South Third street, and 12 south Fortieth street. West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

Reading Railroad Transfer and Cab Service. Passengers and baggage promptly conveyed.

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